

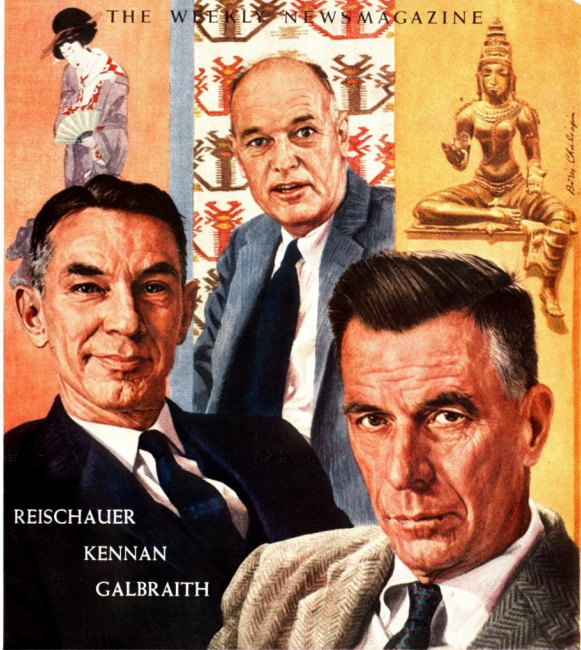
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JANUARY 12, 1962

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: Your selection of John Kennedy as Man of the Year is an insult to both the intelligence and integrity of your readers. Although articulate, he is a man of inaction; although forceful in appearance, he is inadequate in performance.

RALPH R. ANDERSON
Secretary

Young Americans for Freedom
Englewood, N.J.

Sir: TIME has indeed amassed an impressive list of failures for Mr. Kennedy. His chief asset seems to be that he is willing to learn from his mistakes. I hope we survive this year's "learning process."

CLAUDE S. NICHOLS
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: Pietro Annigoni's portrait of John F. Kennedy projected a magnificent image of an individual burdened with the world's most critical responsibilities. But it can hardly be termed a comely honorarium for a personality awarded the title of Man of the Year.

OLLIE H. FRAZIER
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Sir: Artist Annigoni painted Mr. Kennedy with a cauliflower left ear, asymmetric pupils, ptosis of the right upper eyelid, an eversion of the left lower eyelid, a hint of edema in his left cheek. The President displayed none of these findings when I had the honor of meeting him recently.

J. B. BOUNDS, M.D.
Hospital Director
VA Roanoke Hospital
Salem, Va.

Sir: Your cover would make Charles Addams happy, Dorian Gray jealous, and Herblock anxious.

CORNELIA CLAY
New Orleans

Sir: A jaundiced Dracula in ragpicker's clothing—in a background of bile!

H. S. DALTON
Key West, Fla.

Sir: Man of the Year he is! But Artist Annigoni's conception of Mr. Kennedy is not in line with the image preferred by "the public." For shame!

MARGARET E. SMITH
Amherst, Mass.

Sir: Kudos for TIME! Kennedy as Man of the Year and TIME as Realist of the Year. I was especially impressed with Annigoni's masterful portrait.

DAVID M. LITTEG
Madison, Wis.

Sir: The more I studied it, the more I realized there was some real quality work involved. Maybe that's the way good paintings are.

GENE T. DAVIS
Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir: Kennedy portrait—a masterpiece.
DAVID CHURCHILL
Hingham, Mass.



Sir: I would say that Maestro Annigoni paints as he lives, chaotically and simply. Certainly, the portrait is not characteristic of our President. And what injustice did he inflict upon the royal family?

FRAMPTON HARPER
York, S.C.

► Annigoni's portraits of the royal family stirred considerable controversy in England. For a detail of his Prince Philip, see cut.—Ed.

Sir: It took guts to choose President Kennedy as your Man of the Year. Like several others in the past, the President needs the prayers and best wishes of all of us.

B. MATTHEW BLOOMFIELD
Houston

Great Guy?

Sir: I have just put down your story on Jackie Gleason [Dec. 29] with feelings of supreme disgust.

If you took a national poll on this man, I suppose it might turn out to be as close as the last national election, with the scales tipping slightly in favor of those who suppose he is a "great guy" (as you are evidently trying to prove) rather than those like myself, who consider him merely a big fat slob who happens to be funny.

JAMES McD. CRAVEN
Brooklyn

Sir: Your informative article on Jackie Gleason proved that a person who is boisterous and egotistic outside can really be warm and humane inside.

DAN DANIELS
Des Plaines, Ill.

Sir: Something is radically wrong with a society in which a fellow like Jackie Gleason is paid \$100,000 a year not to work.

W. W. WILLIAMSON
Hickory, N.C.

I guess Jackie Gleason realized you can't put a round peg in a square hole!

P. A. SPINGELD
Torrance, Calif.

Democracy of Worth

Sir: Your lead article under Education [Dec. 29] was a revelation to me. Just when it seemed we might have to trust the national

salvation to either of the two political extremes, you published that article on the moral curriculum and revealed thereby what I consider to be the only effective way to not only defeat Communism but to win the world.

Truly, our national salvation lies in Dr. Phenix's "democracy of worth," for it is the political and social ideal of the Judeo-Christian faith.

OWEN CLAYTON
Fort Worth

Sir: Phenix of Columbia—a onetime Quaker turned Presbyterian, an Army chaplain turned meteorologist, a physicist turned reverend, appears equally confused about the technique inherent in leading children to avoid "a gnawing sense of meaninglessness" in their adult lives.

Mr. Phenix has denounced the one great fundamental of education as the snake that has led us all to doom. Somehow he fails to see that self-realization, far from being morally shallow and a goal that produces "a democracy of desire," is the one most noble and difficult task of our lives. To Phenix, self-fulfillment is equated with selfish ambition, acquisition and success. It is obvious that he has distorted the meaning of fulfillment.

We cannot turn "to a life of loving and grateful dedication" until we have become free and courageous enough to fight toward bringing what beauty we have within us to tangible life.

ROBERT E. EPSTEIN
Rye, N.Y.

Sir: Professor P. H. Phenix has correctly observed that again, amid unparalleled success, man has failed to equal the ideal. However, his ideas are somewhat less than "profound," more they are the "re-found" ideas of Plato's *Republic*. Like Plato, Professor Phenix slips into the habit of assuming that the lessons of truth learned by philosopher, professor, preacher, kings through protracted thought and laborious revelation can be taught to the average man. Is the "supreme worth" to be patiently taught and docilely learned, or is it rather to be discovered amongst wickedness, desire and imperfection, a kernel of redeeming grace?

H. BEN HANDER
Cambridge, Mass.

Favorable Winds

Sir: In TIME's review of *African Genesis* [Dec. 15] your critic, in support of his own conclusions, makes a false statement concerning the conclusions of science. He refers to this "curious book, *African Genesis* [a personal investigation into the animal origins and nature of man], which has been widely discussed in intellectual circles and stirred a minor storm of irritation among scientists who are familiar with the subject matter."

The implication is plain: that the book, which may fascinate the uninformed layman, has been dismissed by science. The statement is untrue, unwarranted and unworthy of TIME. The book is frankly controversial in its nature, frankly attacks the premises of classical anthropology, and neither seeks nor expects wholesale acceptance. But to imply that it lacks scientific backing is a fraud. May I quote?

Harvard's Kirtley F. Mather, dean of American geologists: "What Ardrey writes concerning the nature of man and the origins of human nature should be carefully pondered by every person who is concerned in any degree, great or small, about man's future as an inhabitant of the earth."

The British Museum's senior scientist,



The Making of a Magnet. Bell scientists test new superconducting magnet. It's the small cylindrical object being removed from helium bath at 450° F below zero.

DISCOVERY!

NEW SUPERCONDUCTING MAGNET CREATED BY BELL SYSTEM RESEARCH

A new way to make electromagnets that are far more powerful for their size than any ever known before has been discovered by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

The future possibilities are exciting: for satellite communications, research work of many kinds, thermonuclear power, and uses and devices still to be created.

Just as with the transistor and Bell solar battery, also invented at Bell Laboratories, the eventual significance of the new electromagnet is hard to grasp in the early stages.

Here's how it works: At tempera-

tures near absolute zero, certain kinds of wire (suited for electromagnets) become superconducting—that is, they offer no resistance to electric current. This is fine, and cuts down on power needs. The trouble is, a strong magnet itself destroys superconductivity.

Bell scientists, however, discovered a new superconducting wire compound of niobium and tin, and then found it would *remain* superconducting at low temperatures, even in strong magnetic fields. This will permit future magnets operating at low cost and using a fraction of the space taken by conventional electromagnets.

The Bell System is advancing scientific progress by publishing its findings and sharing its knowledge of superconducting materials with others. This is in accordance with our established policy on a wide variety of inventions and product designs.

Day after day, it is the time-proved combination of Bell Laboratories research, Western Electric manufacture, and telephone operations in one organization—with close teamwork between all three—that results in good service, low cost and constant improvements in the communications art benefiting all Americans.



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Kenneth P. Oakley, the world's highest authority on African anthropology: "African Genesis deserves the most serious attention on the part of scientists as well as laymen."

And the Smithsonian's biologist, Charles O. Handley, authority on African mammals, writing in the *Washington Post*: "Ardrey has approached his subject with rare insight. He has not suffered the restrictions or prejudices of any particular discipline. He has marshaled the facts with the precision of a scientist, has viewed them with the impartiality of a judge and has presented them with an arresting and intelligible style."

ROBERT ARDREY

Rome

► These are the more favorable winds of the storm.—Ed.

Automatic Sinner Converters?

Sir:

Your story on automation and unemployment [Dec. 20] unfairly casts the electronic computer as the principal villain. Only a small percentage of computers are involved in the automation of production—the major cause of unemployment. The use of computers in the office, to perform scientific calculations, to keep records and to analyze trends, has resulted in the creation of jobs. Most office employees whose work has been taken over by computers have been transferred to better jobs within the same company.

DON MOORE

Programmer

Western Data Processing Center
University of California
Los Angeles

Sir:

Why must newswriters always say "computers can . . ." and "computers cannot . . ." ? All they can really do is add (albeit in some rather ingenious ways), and they must be told exactly every step to do by a human being.

Speaking of a computer's ability gives people the impression of a superrobot that takes away jobs, when in truth many people are needed to program, maintain, build and administer computers.

MELVYN D. MAGREE

Cleveland

Sir:

That's for me, automation! Please order for this parish the following automatic machines: One sermon writer and preacher, one acolyte trainer, one paper-work machine with built-in duplicator, one parish caller, one sinner converter, one confession hearer and consultant. Both my curate and I are fed up with being human beings in a 70-hour week.

(THE REV.) ALBERT OLSON

Rector

All Souls Parish (Episcopal)
Berkeley, Calif.

The King's Yard

Sir:

Now that Great Britain is on the verge of doing something about its impossible currency system [Dec. 20], perhaps the U.S. will do something about its impossible system of weights and measures.

(THE REV.) JAMES E. ALEXANDER

The Gleasondale Methodist Church
Gleasondale, Mass.

Sir:

While you acidly insinuate that the British are clods for their delay in decimalizing their coinage, you fail to mention that coinage is the only thing America has decimal-

ized. It seems rather ignorant and inconsistent for a country that brags decimalized coinage since 1792 to retain in 1962 hopelessly antiquated systems of linear, dry and liquid measurement.

The yard that we all use was originally the distance from the tip of Henry I's nose to the tip of his hand. This distance, of course, varied from king to king.

NORM JONES

St. James, Man., Canada

America Firster

Sir:

TIME [Dec. 15] referred to me as an America Firster, as if that diatribe covered a multitude of sins. It so happens that I never was a member of the once numerous and powerful America First Organization. However, I am proud to be called an America Firster today.

We are living in critical times, and there is more need than ever for those who put their country first.

HAMILTON FISH

New York City

Message from Outer Space

Sir:

Von Hoerner's suggestion [Dec. 20] that we be listening for radioed advice from older civilizations out in space in order to avoid self-annihilation is intriguing.

My advice to Von Hoerner is to have him set aside his red-hot mathematical pencil. His longed for advice has arrived. In fact, it came a little over 1,000 years ago—loud and clear. Illiterate shepherds on Judean hills understood. A physician by the name of Luke decoded the message.

No doubt somewhere in Von Hoerner's library he will find a dust-covered copy of this message from outer space. The advice and directions for preventing human self-destruction are there in black and white. *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear (Matthew 11:15).*

MARTIN G. SCHROEDER

Pastor

Messiah Lutheran Church
Grand Island, Neb.

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**How long has it been
since your mind was stretched
by a new idea?**

Robert Hutchins

Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins
President of the Fund for the Republic
Former Chancellor, University of Chicago
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"Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: 'A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions.' When a child realizes that the letters in the alphabet are meaningful symbols that form words, he grasps an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. But there comes a time in life when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens, our minds cease to grow.

"The more successful a person is in his daily work, the more this unfortunate condition develops. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty, we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. The mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

WE are sometimes asked why the articles in TIME are unsigned. Our usual reply is that each issue is the joint product of all the staff names listed in the adjoining column, and that we prefer the traditional anonymity followed by such English institutions as the *Times* of London and the *Economist*. But another reason is just as basic—the fact that individual TIME stories are generally the work of many hands. This week's cover story is a good example of how we go about it.

Off to Yugoslavia went Bonn Correspondent Jim Bell to see Ambassador Kennan. Bell, through the years, has been a constant reader of Kennan's output, visited with him in October to get his views on Moscow's 22nd Party Congress. Bell went back to Belgrade for the cover story, had three separate interviews with Kennan totaling 4½ hours.

Tokyo Correspondent Don Connelly, interviewing Ambassador Reischauer, was renewing an old acquaintanceship that began when Connelly, at Harvard, and his wife, at Radcliffe, studied under Reischauer more than ten years ago. For the cover, Connelly talked to Reischauer at his office and residence for four hours, continued the conversations riding with the ambassador and his wife Haru in the embassy limousine, at the Christmas party for embassy children, and elsewhere.

New Delhi Correspondent Charles Mohr has followed Ambassador Galbraith around India by plane, car and elephant, finds him "the easiest man to interview" he's ever worked with. Mohr describes Galbraith (a longtime FORTUNE writer) as amiable, instructive and vivid. Mohr interviewed him six hours for the cover, the last 2½ hours of it on an airplane bound for Bombay.


Well before these interviews began, Associate Editor Michael Demarest, who was to write the story, and Researcher Harriet Heck had been wading through some of the 25 books these prolific diplomats have written, before sending off the initial queries to the correspondents. Foreign Editor Henry Grunwald worked with them, suggesting ideas to pursue, questions to ask.

In the end, each correspondent filed enough material for a cover story on his ambassador alone. From Washington, Diplomatic Correspondent James Greenfield reported current State Department readings on each man, as well as the nature and limitations of each ambassador's assignments.

All this might have been reported, at interminable length, under separate bylines from different capitals. Instead, it became the late-night struggle of Writer Demarest to assemble, digest and organize all this material, to find a writer's way to tell the story, cutting from one character to another, and in collaboration with Editor Grunwald to decide on the story's pace, tone and attitude. This is by no means a full accounting of all who had a hand in this week's cover, but may help explain why bylines rarely appear in TIME.

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A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, dark tie, and a bowler hat. He is leaning against the front of a Chevrolet car, with his left arm extended towards a glass door of a building. The car's front grille and headlights are visible. The background shows the interior of the building through the glass door.

going round in circles?

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THE NATION

THE BUDGET

On to \$100 Billion

Last week President John Kennedy prepared to submit to Congress a record budget of more than \$92 billion for fiscal 1963—and vowed that it would be in balance. But many economists and Congressmen had deep doubts. There have been only six budget surpluses since F.D.R.'s first inaugural—and 24 deficit years. The budget for fiscal 1962, an Eisenhower-Kennedy hybrid, so far shows a deficit of \$6.9 billion. In "balancing" the first pure-Kennedy budget, the Administration counts heavily on a higher tax take from rising corporate and personal income, and on congressional approval of a controversial rise in postal rates (which could be gobbled up by postal wage rises). The Administration also assumes that there will be no extraordinary and unexpected defense spending—the very factor that caused the 1962 deficit. Most members of Congress feel that budget expenditures in 1963 will fetch up closer to \$95 billion, with revenues running a few billion behind.

The steady rise of the U.S. budget points to a milestone that cannot be far distant. Just as the nation's gross national product crossed the long-awaited half-trillion dollar mark in 1960, so the U.S. budget is headed for a less eagerly awaited pinnacle: \$100 billion. If Kennedy's next three budgets increase at the same rate as Eisenhower's last three, the big day will arrive in 1964.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Cautious Optimism"

As early as last September, department and agency heads in Washington started passing along to the White House their program and budget requests for the coming year. President Kennedy and Aide Ted Sorensen collected the pieces, sifted and shifted them until a picture took shape; then, last week, Sorensen flew to Palm Beach with an outline of the President's State of the Union message, to be delivered to Congress this week. In Palm Beach, the President reviewed the Sorensen outline, penciled in copious notes and packed Sorensen off to the Palm Beach Towers hotel to draft the actual speech. When Kennedy takes the rostrum of the House of Representatives, his tone will be one described as "cautious optimism."

Army Talk. Between sessions with Sorensen, the President took a hard new look at the U.S. military establishment in

general—and the Army in particular. To Palm Beach came Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Deputy Secretary Roswell Gilpatric and Presidential Military Adviser Maxwell Taylor. Next day they were joined by the Joint Chiefs of Staff—Chairman Lyman Lemnitzer and the uniformed heads of each of the services. The talk turned from the defense budget to

tal for a series of conferences with key Congressmen. Chief among those the President wanted to see was Arkansas' Representative Wilbur Mills, whose Ways and Means Committee must pass on several of Kennedy's prime proposals (*see following story*). Then, at week's end, Kennedy flew to Columbus for a \$100-a-plate Democratic rally in honor of Ohio's Governor Michael Di Salle.



DECKER, LEMNITZER & JOHNSON WITH KENNEDY AT PALM BEACH DEFENSE PARLEY
The big assumption: no extraordinary and unexpected spending.

streamlining the Army's organization. Time and again, when proposals were made, the President insisted on having them spelled out, and kept pressing Army Chief of Staff George H. Decker for confirmation: "Is this what you want? Are you sure?" Finally it was agreed that Regular Army strength would be upped from 14 divisions to 16, with the extra funds coming from cutbacks of some eight National Guard or Reserve divisions. Other changes approved by the President included a move to consolidate scattered Army logistical and technical services into one central command.

At midweek, White House aides watching Capitol Hill saw storm signals, reported growing evidence that the President's legislative program might be in for heavy weather with the 87th Congress. President Kennedy decided to cut short his Florida stay and fly back to the capi-

THE CONGRESS

The Prospects for '62

Representatives and Senators gathering for this week's opening of the 87th Congress, Second Session, found the Capitol Hill landscape somewhat rearranged. The giant new \$100 million House office building, only a web of rusty girders when Congress adjourned last September, was resplendent in a coat of white Georgia marble, though it will not be ready for occupancy for at least another year. New parapet lights illuminated the ornate designs on the Senate's arched ceiling, which have generally been shrouded in darkness since Constantino Brumidi painted them nearly a century ago. Space inside the reconstructed east front of the Capitol has been used to give both House and Senate large, tastefully appointed new dining rooms, along with several dozen

handsome hideaways for high-seniority Congressmen.

But the membership of the Congress has not changed—and neither has its temper. That fact can only spell trouble for President Kennedy's domestic legislative program. "We look and we look," says a top Kennedy aide, "but it's hard to see much daylight anywhere."

Scratch & Claw. The Senate, with 64 Democrats and 36 Republicans, is likely to go along with the President on most issues, just as it did in 1961. The House is

Of all the chairmen, the one whose support Kennedy most vitally needs is Arkansas' Wilbur Mills. It is Mills's Ways & Means Committee that must pass on at least three major items in the Administration's legislative package: liberalized foreign trade, medical care for the aged, and interim tax revision. Although Mills personally favors freer foreign trade, he is under heavy pressure from protectionists back home, and the extent to which he will support the Administration is problematical. Mills goes along with tax revision, but is in flat opposition to President Kennedy's medical-care plan.

The specific prospects for the 1962 legislative year:

- **FOREIGN TRADE** is the issue on which the Kennedy Administration plans to make its hardest fight. The line-up of the House Ways & Means Committee is generally favorable, thanks to Sam Rayburn's longtime insistence that any Democrat named to the committee be for liberalized foreign trade. But the House as a whole is far less friendly to liberalized trade, and special-interest groups, ranging from wheat farmers to glass blowers, are preparing an all-out battle against the bill. In the end, Wilbur Mills, despite heat from his own district, will probably try for the strongest bill he thinks the House will accept. It may turn out to be much less than the White House wants.

- **MEDICAL CARE FOR THE AGED** is an issue on which President Kennedy and his staff figure the Democrats can make big political gains in the 1962 elections. The Administration desperately wants to bring the medical-care bill to a House floor vote, even if it requires attaching the program as a rider to some other revenue bill or using another parliamentary maneuver to bypass Mills. The Administration feels that a floor vote would indelibly stamp the Republican Party as the opposition to medical care—and thereby hurt Republican candidates in areas where there is considerable enthusiasm for the program.

- **TAX REVISION** has a good chance to move ahead, in the form of easier tax credits for investment in new equipment and measures for loophole narrowing. But real tax reform—overhaul of the whole structure—is off until 1963.

- **AID TO EDUCATION** will be sought in a watered-down bill offering colleges federal help on scholarships and equipment; it should pass without too much trouble. The Administration has no intention of reopening the Pandora's box of controversy about general aid to public schools, which Catholic opposition killed last year.

- **POSTAL RATES** stand a good chance of being raised, since the Administration has agreed to seek only \$600 million in higher rates instead of the \$850 million requested earlier. The Administration will push hard for this bill, arguing that the President's plans for a balanced budget depend on it.

- **CIVIL DEFENSE** may stir up a fight in the coming session—but not along straight conservative-liberal lines. Source of possible trouble: the President's plan for community shelters at a cost of about

\$700 million, which may get lost in the shuffle of other bills.

- **FOREIGN AID** will come up for routine annual-appropriation requests—which are sure to be cut, as in the past, by the House Appropriations subcommittee chaired by Louisiana's Otto Passman.

Bitter Withdrawal

Sitting beneath an ornate gold chandelier in a House office building, Missouri's Representative Richard Bolling set his jaw, faced the TV lights across a highly polished table, and said: "I am withdrawing as a candidate for Democratic floor leader. I do so because developments in the last few days convince me I do not have a chance to win." Reporters waited for a loser's usual call for party harmony and the conventional congratulations for the winner—but they did not come. Bolling was frankly bitter in conceding to Oklahoma's Carl Albert, the party whip for the last seven years, the leader's post being vacated by Massachusetts' Representative John McCormack, who was already all but sworn in as Speaker.

Only a fortnight ago, Bolling thought he had a chance to win, was busy attracting liberal pledges by calling Albert a lip-service liberal who was weak on civil rights. To make telephone calls on his behalf to Democratic leaders, Bolling had enlisted a notable Democrat from his home district: Harry Truman of Independence. But just before New Year's, Bolling and his manager, New Jersey's Representative Frank Thompson, caucused over lunch at Washington's venerable Occidental restaurant and decided that the fight was hopeless. Needing at least 128 votes to win, Bolling's effort had peaked at 78, and his strength was already slipping away.

Stung, Bolling made his brusque formal statement, then told reporters what he



ARKANSAS' MILLS
Heat from back home.

a different matter. There, though Democrats ostensibly outnumber Republicans 263 to 174, power is actually divided between a conservative coalition of about 180 Republicans and Southern Democrats and about 180 members who can be expected to go along with most Administration proposals. That leaves some 70-75 "uncommitted" members among whom the Administration must scratch and claw to put together a winning margin. In 1962, collecting those uncommitted votes will be even more difficult than last year, since nearly all Congressmen report that during their adjournment-period visits back home they found great popular support for President Kennedy but little enthusiasm for his domestic programs.

The change in House leadership caused by the death of Speaker Sam Rayburn is another complicating factor. With Mister Sam gone, much of his power is bound to be claimed by the House committee chairmen, whose patriarchal views and parochial interests generally reflect conservative tendencies. Virginia Democrat Howard Smith, chairman of the Rules Committee, is certain to stand in the way of Administration programs. Missouri's Clarence Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, last week announced, even before he knew what was in Kennedy's budget, that he intended to cut it.



MISSOURI'S BOLLING
Chilling news at lunch.

had been saying privately for weeks: that the White House had been wise in staying out of the race "so long as I wasn't very close." The implication was clear that he would have expected White House help if he had needed only an extra boost to put him over. "Just because I'm defeated in a fight," said Bolling, "doesn't mean that I won't continue to be interested in the things for which I have fought in the past." Nor could he resist striking Albert a last blow. He called attention once more to his differences with Albert on civil rights, and for good measure mentioned Albert's "certain natural district problems with the oil industry," thus insinuating that Albert, a onetime oil-company attorney representing an oil-producing state, would be beholden to oil interests as majority leader.

THE ATOM What to Do with the Waste

The barrel, hauled up by fishermen trawling off the New Jersey coast, came from an area where radioactive waste material had been dumped for safe disposal. Before long, rumors swept New Jersey that the barrel was radioactive—and that the fishermen had been dangerously exposed. At that point, agents of the Atomic Energy Commission turned up to examine it and check back on detailed reports of dumpings. The findings: the barrel had been filled with a white compound substance; it was not radioactive and never had been. "We spent a lot of money doing it," said an AEC official last week. "But we run down every lead."

The case of the fishermen's barrel is an item in a deepening AEC problem. In the U.S. are 6,000 Government and private institutions using radioactive isotopes. The end product of their activity is radioactive waste that cannot be flushed or tossed away. There is low-level radioactive, for instance, in the carcasses of laboratory mice injected with isotopes—and in the hypodermic needle that injected them, and in the laundry water that washed the laboratory coat of the technician. In 1955 the total amount of land-buried waste in the AEC's main burial grounds came to 316,000 cu. ft.; by last year that figure was up to 1,125,000 cu. ft.

Dumped at Sea. The lethal liquid waste from the atomic bomb factories is stored in 34-ft. steel and concrete underground tanks on Government reservations at Richland, Wash., Aiken, S.C., and Idaho Falls, Idaho. Fenced and carefully guarded, it will stay there indefinitely. But much of the atomic waste produced today is, by AEC standards, low-level, and with proper precautions can be moved to dumping areas by truck or railroad car. To do the dumping, twelve private firms are now licensed by AEC.

Originally most of the waste was dumped at sea. The materials were packed into 55-gal. drums marked with AEC's radioactivity insignia, a white cloud with four lightning bolts shooting out of it. The drums were lined with 2 to 10 in. of cement, sealed with more cement, and

CARL ALBERT Nose-Counter From Bug Tussle

OKLAHOMA'S Democratic Representative Carl Bert Albert, 53, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, wears an elfin grin, and is so inconspicuous that he might be mistaken for a filing clerk in his own office. But Albert has qualities that should serve him well as majority floor leader: he combines an abiding love of the House with a shrewd sense of its mood that has earned him respect on both sides of the aisle and at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue.

On to Oxford. Albert comes from the "Little Dixie" corner of southeastern Oklahoma—a corn, cotton, coal and cattle area bordering on Arkansas and Texas. Albert's father was a shot-firer in a McAlester coal mine, but when Carl, the oldest of five children, was a child, the family moved to a cotton farm near the hamlet of Bug Tussle.® Young Carl went to the two-room Bug Tussle school, then to high school in McAlester (he was the first Bug Tussle pupil ever to progress as far as a high school diploma). He showed an early instinct for politics, at the age of 15 took the stump for the local Democratic candidate for the state legislature. At the University of Oklahoma, Albert majored in political science, was student council president, Phi Beta Kappa, a tournament bridge player, a sprinter, a 118-lb. wrestler (he now weighs 168), a member of the chess team and the pistol squad. The boy from Bug Tussle also won a Rhodes scholarship.

After three years of law at Oxford, Albert returned to Oklahoma, eventually went into private practice. In 1941 he enlisted in the Army as a private, emerged five years later, after service in New Guinea, Okinawa and Japan, as a lieutenant colonel. Back in McAlester after the war, he resumed his law practice, but when Representative Paul Stewart resigned because of ill-health, Albert ran for the seat. He won a spirited Democratic primary by a scant 350 votes; his Oxford background had not sat well with some of the farmers. The general election was a pushover (Oklahoma's Third District rarely elects a Republican to office), and in his re-election campaigns since 1946, Albert has never received less than 75% of the Third District's vote.

"That's It." In the House, Albert voted along generally liberal lines, except on civil rights issues, served as an effective member of the Agriculture

® Bug Tussle's name was later changed to Flowery Mound (pop. 200).



Committee. Although he had earned a reputation back home in Oklahoma as a skillful stump speaker, he has addressed the House only where necessary. Speaker Sam Rayburn, whose Fourth Texas District is just across the Red River from Albert's, took a fatherly, neighborly interest in Albert. In 1955, when the Democrats regained control of the House, Rayburn and John McCormack pored over the delegation lists for a majority whip. They got only as far as Oklahoma and the name of Carl Albert when Rayburn said: "That's it."

Under the careful coaching of Rayburn and McCormack, Carl Albert became one of the House's most accomplished nose-counters. Last year, when the White House developed a bad case of jitters over the chances of the depressed areas bill, and began to talk of compromises, Albert surveyed the situation and reported that the bill could be passed without major changes. It was. But when Albert told Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman that the Administration's farm program would have to be rewritten to get through the House, Freeman ignored the advice, and suffered a humiliating House defeat.

Albert's style of leadership is low-pressure. He deplors the sort of backroom bloodletting that has sometimes spattered the records of quick-drawing majority leaders of the past. He approves the Rayburn technique of giving members a loose rein when it comes to difficult votes. "If you whip them into line every time," he says, "by the session's third vote you're through. If you can't win them by persuasion you can't win them at all." On the other hand, Albert is tough enough to demand votes when the outcome is crucial. "Where we've had the tough votes, we try to count them as closely as we can—and have a few spare votes in our pocket," he says. "If a fellow keeps begging off, we tell him that it's his turn to take the heat the next time."

carried by ship to offshore dumping grounds set up by AEC. Two such grounds are off the Atlantic coast, two more are off the coast of California. All four are in water 6,000 ft. deep. Since 1946, about 21,000 drums have been tipped into the Pacific and another 23,000 into the Atlantic. Even if a drum were to leak, AEC insists, the radiation inside would be diluted by sea water and hardly a herring would be harmed.

But the packing necessary for safe sea disposal makes it expensive: to dispose of radioactive waste at sea costs \$10 to \$20 per cu. ft. In comparison, disposal firms can bury low-level waste on land for 70¢ a cu. ft. in atomic graveyards maintained by AEC at Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Idaho Falls. Here drums are deposited in 15-ft. holes and covered with concrete and earth. The disposal fields cost the U.S. \$6,000,000 a year to maintain, and AEC expects to establish from five to ten more.

Clean Record. Inevitably, a few accidents have occurred. Last year in Long Beach, Calif., a barrel of low-level waste blew up and scattered its contents over almost a mile because of improper handling by the disposal company, which lost its AEC license. In Antioch, Calif., two years ago, another low-level barrel leaked slightly into the San Joaquin River, from which Antioch draws its drinking water; after much testing and explaining by AEC, townspeople were persuaded that the water was still safe.

Other incidents have led to protests and legal actions against AEC. In 1959, Massachusetts residents, through town meetings and petitions to Washington, persuaded AEC to discontinue ocean dumpings off Cape Cod. The Long Island town of Islip last month rescinded the permit of a company that planned to erect a fenced and windowless waste-storage building in the town's new industrial park. And New Britain, Conn., for almost five years has been waging a court fight to



AEC's RADIOACTIVITY LABEL
Inevitably, accidents occur.

block construction of a storage yard.

Many of the arguments against waste storage and disposal are ridiculous; in 15 years, not a single death or serious injury has been suffered as a result of AEC's program. But public uneasiness continues to increase, and to combat it AEC, beginning this week in Atlanta, is sponsoring a series of four regional conferences to explain its disposal practices.

POLITICS

Plans & Perils

It was beginning to look like Rockefeller v. Wagner in 1962, and there were no signs that New York's Republican Governor had lost any of his relish for Rockefeller v. Kennedy in 1964.

Delivering his annual State of the State message to the New York legislature, Rocky last week made a clear bid for the extra 1962 votes that might make him a 1964 Republican showpiece. In so doing he drew campaign-flavor criticism from New York's Mayor Robert Wagner. Said Wagner of the Rockefeller speech: "Never were so many words used to say so little."

Rockefeller called for an ambitious program of social benefits that would raise New York's current budget of \$2.4 billion by some \$200-225 million in fiscal 1962-63. He asked for a two-step rise in the state's minimum wage from \$1 to \$1.25, an increase in workmen's compensation from a maximum \$50 to \$55 a week, expanded medical care for the aging, more action against discrimination. He promised a whole spate of legislative requests in the months to come, ranging from more humane treatment for dope addicts to help for migrant workers. Said Rockefeller: "It is the proper and historic role of the state to be a leader and an innovator. The preservation of states' rights critically depends upon the fulfillment of states' responsibilities."

Only One Description. The New York Times called Rocky's message "a legislative program and a political credo that can only be described as liberal," and the liberal New York Post, in an encomium that must have made many Republicans shudder, hailed it as a reaffirmation of "allegiance to the concept of the 'welfare

state.'" With it, Rockefeller hopes to attract liberals of both major parties, but his chief aim is support from New York State's Liberal Party, whose nearly 300,000 votes could mean the difference between victory and defeat—or between a big win and a skimpy one.

But such strategy could backfire against Rocky—particularly if Bob Wagner is the Democratic candidate. Wagner won his recent re-election for mayor with the help of the Liberal Party and the city's liberal-leaning reform Democratic groups; they would almost certainly back him for Governor if he lives up to his promise to throw New York City's Democratic bosses out of power (last week, at Wagner's instigation, Brooklyn Boss Joe Sharkey was demoted from his position as city council majority leader).

Hourly Opportunities. Although Representative Samuel S. Stratton, a personable upstate Democrat who was gerrymandered out of his seat by the Republican legislature, has declared for the Democratic nomination for Governor, he is little known in New York City and would probably defer to a "draft" of Wagner—who last week publicly claimed the leadership of New York State's Democratic Party; in the meantime Stratton serves as a fine stalking-horse for Wagner, drawing the Republicans' attention and fire. If Wagner takes him on, Rockefeller might fail to get the heavy liberal vote he wants. And because of his liberal pitch, he might also lose votes from conservative upstate Republicans.

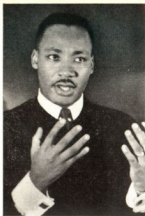
Rocky still had a mighty statistic on his side—the 370,000-vote majority he ran up in beating Averell Harriman for Governor in 1958, a generally Democratic year. And Wagner, like every mayor of New York, is presented hourly opportunities for getting into trouble. This may account for another statistic—no 20th century mayor of New York has gone on to become governor of the state.



Governor ROCKEFELLER
Devoted to the welfare state?



Mayor WAGNER
Hiding behind a stalking-horse?



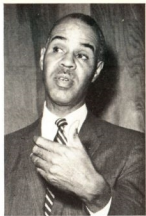
KING



FORMAN



FARMER



WILKINS

RACES

Confused Crusade

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People glumly reported last week that its membership had declined by 15,000 from 300,000 in 1960. The drop, said Herbert Hill, labor secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., was mostly among unemployed Negroes unable to pay dues (\$2 a year). That was certainly one factor—but another at least equally important was a split among leading Negro civil rights groups, with the N.A.A.C.P. cast in a “conservative” role that many young Negroes find increasingly irksome.

“Parade, Protest, Sit-In.” Southern Negro college students particularly are fed up with the slow, legalistic approach of the N.A.A.C.P. A segregation law is often declared invalid in the courtroom, after patient argument by the N.A.A.C.P., only to remain in force in practice. To fight segregation in their own way, young Negroes have organized themselves into a federation called the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (“Snick” for short). Snick is led by a Chicagoan, James Forman, 33. It provides the shock troops of the civil rights front, organizes sit-ins, holds demonstrations and boycotts anti-Negro stores.

Prestige among Snick's tough and tenacious young Negroes is often measured by the number of times a member has gone to jail on civil rights charges. In the end it is the N.A.A.C.P. that supports Snick by paying most of its legal fees. But while he praises the courage of Snick's members, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins deplores their tactics. “They don't take orders from anybody; they don't consult anybody. They operate in a kind of vacuum; parade, protest, sit-in. How far up the road does that get you? When the headlines are gone, the issues still have to be settled in court.”

Man in the Middle. Standing somewhere between the N.A.A.C.P. and Snick is the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., 33. A persuasive, emotional speaker, King won national fame in 1956 as the leader of the successful effort to integrate the buses of Montgomery, Ala. King, an advocate of the Gandhian technique of nonviolence,

is head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, a diffuse collection of some 65 local civil rights groups in the South.

King was once the idol of young Negroes, but now many are beginning to turn against him. They charge that King is far more interested in making speeches across the U.S. than in head-on action. King is also accused of status seeking. He recently moved his Southern Conference headquarters into a predominantly white office building in Atlanta, where he puts up with segregated toilets and restaurants; in contrast, Snick's Atlanta headquarters is a windowless cubicle in an all-Negro district. King began to lose status with young Negroes last May when he failed to take a Freedom Ride into Mississippi. He lost even more last month at a civil rights demonstration in Albany, Ga., when he was taken off to jail vowing that he would stay behind bars indefinitely, then meekly posted bond and went home two days later.

In Atlanta, Martin Luther King recently discussed his problems in lofty terms. “I don't want to talk about my personal suffering, but I've been in jail as much as anyone in the movement. I think it would be a big mistake to try—as some civil rights leaders want to—to throw the students out of the movement. The little conflicts are inevitable. They arise as part of a shift of emphasis from the legal area to nonviolent direct action. These students are helping to deliver the rights that have been declared. We must overlook their impatience.”

CORE & Crackpots. Adding to the disservice is the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), primarily a Northern organization of whites and Negroes that makes only occasional forays into the South under the leadership of James Farmer. It organized the first Freedom Ride from Washington to New Orleans, but withdrew after mob violence in Birmingham and let Snick's dedicated campaigners ride on to Jackson, Miss. The group suffers fragmented leadership and a membership described by an N.A.A.C.P. leader as “a bunch of loonybirds and crackpots.”

With the dramatic increase in the number of educated Negroes, it is scarcely

surprising that more shadings and varieties of “Negro opinion” begin to emerge. The splits are a subject of concern to many of the Negro leaders, but in a sense they are another sign that the U.S. Negro is coming into his own.

TEXAS

“This Rotten Mess”

For more than 40 years Beaumont, Texas, was known as a wide-open oil town where booze, bookmaking and bordellos flourished. But no longer: last week, in the wake of a sweeping investigation by the Texas legislature, crap games and horse parlors were closed down. The madams and their girls had checked out of their “hotels” and departed for brighter lights. And 43 people were under indictment on vice charges, including several top officials of Beaumont, neighboring Port Arthur and surrounding Jefferson County.

In the not-so-old days, nobody in Jefferson County (pop. 245,659) had to look hard for diversion. Downtown clubs and suburban roadhouses sported open bars in defiance of Texas' liquor laws. Bookmakers' tote boards were visible through many a plate-glass window; odds were available on everything from Florida horse races to Beaumont high school football games. Madams of the 20 brothels offered special matinee rates for teenagers. The law looked on amiably (though there was a police order ruling the brothels off limits to 14-year-olds and under). Only one gambling arrest was recorded in Beaumont in 35 years.

For years, Jefferson County grand juries were routinely called; just as routinely they discovered no evidence of sin. Then in 1960, one jury panel included an angry Beaumont sandpit operator, James C. Barry. Barry and two fellow jurors toured the county, found teen-agers guzzling whisky, taking dope, stopping off at Rita Ainsworth's, the foremost brothel in Beaumont. When the jurors could rouse no reaction from county officials, they traveled to Austin and brought back Texas Rangers and investigators for a state legislative committee. The Rangers raided dice games and bars, took their prisoners

to jail in Ranger cars when local cops declined to provide paddy wagons.

Little White Envelopes. During three days of televised hearings before the legislative committee, Jefferson County Sheriff Charles Meyer admitted "campaign contributions" of \$85,381 over a five-year period; he campaigned only once in the five years and was unopposed. The contributions, he said, came in little white envelopes. Port Arthur Police Chief Garland B. Douglas got "campaign contributions" of \$65,000; he was an appointive office. On a monthly salary of \$735, Beaumont's Chief of Police J. H. Mulligan had tucked away \$40,000 in the bank and owned property worth \$73,000. "I got a lot of money at different times from my sister for years and years," said he. District Attorney Ramie Griffin explained that a \$6,000 extra-income figure on his tax returns represented gin-rummy winnings.

By last week Mulligan had been fired, Griffin was due to appear in court to answer charges, and the other two were under indictment. More indictments were being urged by a 13,000-member reform group—United Citizens for Law Enforcement—which also watchdogged horse parlors and brothels to make certain they stayed shut. Preliminary audits showed Beaumont's municipal government alone, through years of avarice and disinterest, had been thrown \$1,475,000 in the red. Said one weary reformer: "We've really only started. We still don't know yet how deep this rotten mess goes."

MASSACHUSETTS

The Loyal Secretary

For months, like dripping from a leaky faucet, the rumors dribbled out of the Justice Department: at the next go-round between Bernard Goldfine and the Federal Government, sensation would be

heaped upon scandal. For accepting Goldfine's vicuña coat, paid-up hotel bills, and other expensive gifts, onetime Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams had long since paid the price of banishment from public life. Now, went the reports, the Justice Department was prepared to lower the boom on other politicians on the gift list of the Massachusetts textile and real estate millionaire.

Last week, in a Boston federal court, the star witness was to be Goldfine's longtime secretary, Miss Mildred Paperman. Goldfine, who suffered a stroke in December, had been transferred to a Staten Island hospital after serving half of a one-year prison sentence for evading nearly \$800,000 in taxes, and was deemed mentally unfit to testify.

Russian-born Mildred Paperman had been a disappointing witness in the past. In her first court appearance, in 1958, she had shown a feminine sensitivity about her age (50 next October). "What are you trying to do, bury me?" she had snapped to reporters. "I'm five or six years younger than you people said. It's bad enough to be 40, let alone the age you claim." In 1960, Secretary Paperman refused to turn over certain of Goldfine's tax records to the Internal Revenue Service and served ten days in pokey for her loyalty. But this time, it was whispered, Mildred had sung and sung to the federal investigators, naming names and testifying to the length of 120 pages.

Last week Mildred Paperman disappointed again. Wearing a lamphade cloche on her curls, she appeared in court in answer to her summons, was accused of smuggling unauthorized papers and letters to her hapless boss last summer, when he was in the Danbury (Conn.) Federal Correctional Institute. One of her letters contained eloquent testimony to her loyalty. "My only ambition in life," she wrote, "is to see you get out." Instead, Mildred Paperman went in, wearing an inscrutable smile, to serve 30 more days for her devotion to Bernard Goldfine.

As for the promised revelations, they just failed to materialize. In the absence of any firm documentary evidence (Goldfine was never much of a hand for keeping records about his financial transactions), the Government's main hope for uncovering the full extent of Bernard Goldfine's corruptions was locked in Goldfine's own deteriorated mind and in the heart of his loyal secretary.

DEFENSE

Eyes Toward the Sky

To the senses of human groundlings, a missile traveling at 16,000 m.p.h., a bomber flying at 65,000 ft., or an armed satellite spinning 200 miles high is clear out of this world. Yet each is now, or could soon become, a potential carrier of death for the 200 million inhabitants of the U.S. and Canada. Someone must see such hostile flights—and in good time.

Developing such omnivision is the job of the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD), headquartered in the



EARLY WARNING BASE IN GREENLAND
Five minutes to check a friend.

shadow of Pike's Peak at Colorado Springs. NORAD also must react defensively to what it sees, and give warning to U.S. and Canadian citizens to head for their shelters—if they have any. Established four years ago, NORAD has recently acquired new techniques to meet the growing threats. It can now detect almost anything bigger than a bird in the air over some 15 million sq. mi. from Iceland to Midway.

Each morning at 8 o'clock, three briefing officers, microphones about their necks, stand under a 31-ft. battle screen in a windowless concrete building and crisply summarize everything that has been projected on that screen in the past 24 hours. One recent morning report indicated that NORAD had spotted seven Soviet aircraft tracks over Siberia, 17 unidentified planes above North America (each was checked as friendly within five minutes), 121 satellites and pieces of satellite debris in orbit around the earth, and 20 Russian trawlers cruising off Newfoundland's Grand Banks and the Aleutians.

Open Secret. Two years ago, NORAD had no way to locate either missiles or satellites. Now, under the prodding of General Laurence Sherman Kuter, 56, commander in chief of the Pacific Air Forces from 1957 to 1959, NORAD can do both. At Thule, Greenland, two powerful beams fan northward over the Arctic from four antennas, each the size of a 30-story building. While still ascending, an enemy missile would pass through the low-altitude beam, then the higher one, providing a fix for computers to crank out its speed, direction, probable point of impact. Fifteen minutes before the missile could land, the combat operations center in Colorado Springs would be warned. The word would flash instantly to the White House, the Pentagon, Ottawa, regional air-defense commanders, the Strategic Air Command and Civil Defense officials.

This ability to spot a missile is the result of a mammoth effort. It took 2,000 firms two years to build and equip the Thule station and three years to build a similar station at Clear, Alaska. Both were turned over to NORAD on New Year's



MILDRED PAPERMAN IN COURT
Her secrets were locked up with her.

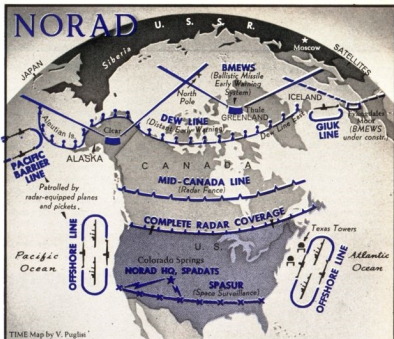


NORAD's KUTER

Day, 1962. A third station under construction at Fylingdales Moor in England will complete this Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS).

To detect satellites, NORAD has a new electronic fence across the Southern states of the U.S. Its transmitters hurl radio energy hundreds of miles from the earth; its receivers catch satellite reflections for quick triangulation and tracking. It has detected space junk as small as a 14-ft. strand of wire from an old satellite. Says Captain Orville Greynolds, a spacetrack officer in Colorado Springs: "No one could launch a space vehicle and keep it a secret. We are positive we have checked and tracked all Russian objects now in space."

NORAD has also completed a four-station, \$113 million Eastern extension to its 4½-year-old Distant Early Warning radar, which now stretches some 4,500 miles across the Arctic to provide aircraft detection. Just supplying the DEW line takes \$14 million a year, involves 45,000 tons of cargo, shipped by air, tankers, LSTs and barges. Backing up the DEW lines are the mid-Canada line of radar stations on the 55th parallel, along with



gap-plugging, low-altitude radar eyes spotted throughout the U.S. and Canada, sea-going picket ships, airborne radar and Texas towers.

The system is such that a NORAD officer can point to a mark on the headquarters battle map, indicating a plane above Siberia, push a read-out button and, in seconds, learn the plane's height, speed, direction and how long it would take to reach any major U.S. city. If a strike should come, NORAD's fighter-interceptors are so equipped that a single commander on the ground can, through computers, coordinate hundreds of them in a defensive attack.

Frets & Fears. For all its wonders of communications, coordination and electronics, there are some gaps in NORAD's

shield—and no one is more aware of them than NORAD's integrated U.S. and Canadian staff, which is directly responsible to the U.S. Joint Chiefs and the Canadian Chiefs of Staff Committee. NORAD directs some 50 fighter-interceptor squadrons, and has absorbed the former-Air Defense Commands of the two countries. Most of the detection system's aircraft-seeking radar and all its missile-hunting antennas are poised toward the north, in logical anticipation of a possible polar strike. This leaves the U.S. flanks with little protection, despite the fact that many Soviet submarines have missiles that could reach at least 43 of the 50 largest U.S. cities, containing 85% of U.S. industrial capacity. The Navy's antisubmarine net is not considered tight enough to fend off all of them off.

While NORAD estimates that it could knock out 70% of any attacking bomber force with interceptors and Nike-Ajax, Nike-Hercules and BOMARC missiles, it can do nothing at all to stop an enemy missile after it detects one. For that reason General Kuter, in flat disagreement with most Air Force brass, urges speedy development of the Army's controversial Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile. Says he: "We urgently need something, even though catching the enemy's missiles after he has thrown them and at the last minute is a poor way to play ball."

No one has ever expected NORAD to perform the miracle of knocking down everything that an enemy might throw at the U.S. But by probing the skies, sounding the warning, and blunting the effect of any attack, NORAD is performing, with increasing proficiency, its main function: to mesh with the Strategic Air Command's long-range bombers and U.S. retaliatory rocket power to convince an enemy that the cost of aggression would be exorbitant.



BRIEFING SESSION AT COLORADO SPRINGS HEADQUARTERS
Fifteen minutes to warn the nation.

THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY

Bargain on Berlin?

As usual, the headlines out of Berlin were dramatic—an American commandant held up at the East-West frontier; a Soviet jeep chased by U.S. troops in retaliation. General Lucius Clay, the President's special representative in Berlin, flew to Washington to demand that the local commander get more freedom to slug back at Communist provocations, unhampered by "contingency plans" requiring a check with Washington before action.

But the big news came in Washington, where Secretary of State Dean Rusk was proposing a change in U.S. policy. After all the talk of a new Berlin agreement, the U.S. seemed, in effect, ready to settle for the status quo—including the Wall. In exchange, the U.S. expected Nikita Khrushchev to relax some of his pressure on Berlin, agree informally to a civilized *modus vivendi* that would leave Western rights in the city undisturbed.

First hints of the new line went out to Moscow via the shrewd, cautious U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, Llewellyn E. Thompson. Donning his karakul hat, Thompson paid a call on Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. His task was once again to probe Moscow's intentions. After 2½ hours of cautious verbal fencing, Gromyko still wanted to talk only about getting Western troops out of Berlin, offered no hint whatsoever of any Russian concessions. "It was agreed that the discussions will be continued," Thompson announced carefully.

If this indeed signaled a "standstill" in Berlin, it meant, at best, that the West was postponing a crisis that Moscow might be agreeable, since continued uncertainty would be a serious strain on West Berlin's morale. Dean Rusk was aware of this. But he was apparently determined to find a device that would permit both sides to back away from a crisis that had moved too close to flash-point.

Two other touchy areas kept U.S. diplomacy busy last week:

Congo. The tenacity of able U.S. Ambassador Edmund Gullion in Leopoldville helped bring Katanga's stubborn Moise Tshombe and Central Congolese Premier Cyrille Adoula together in a pact at Kitona (TIME, Dec. 20). Now the problem was to enforce the pact, and to bring Tshombe's secessionist province back into a unified Congo. Last week, as promised, Tshombe sent Katanga delegates to Leopoldville to sit with Adoula's commission in drafting revisions for the Congolese constitution. Other omens were less favorable. In Elisabethville, Tshombe rose before his provincial assembly to hedge his promises, still holding out for as much autonomy for Katanga as he

could wangle. On Washington's orders, more pressure on Tshombe was applied in Brussels, administrative headquarters of the rich Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which provides Tshombe with most of his revenue. Said a State Department official: "We hope to work something out." By now, Moscow was getting back into the act. When U.S. Air Force planes flew live cattle, food and engineering equipment to help towns along a flooded stretch of the Congo River, Russia kept the Red flag flying by sending in two plane-loads of medical supplies and some doctors and nurses.

New Guinea. Since The Netherlands and Indonesia are not even on formal speaking terms, the task of relaying the



AMBASSADOR THOMPSON IN MOSCOW
Hints of a new line.

arguments and counterarguments to each other in the struggle for New Guinea has fallen to diplomatic "third parties," largely the U.S. The issue: Indonesian insistence that Netherlands New Guinea must belong to Indonesia, countered by the Dutch government's insistence that it would give up the colony only if the 700,000 natives were guaranteed self-determination. Ambassador Howard P. Jones in Djakarta called on President Sukarno and impressed upon him the U.S.'s earnest wish "to avoid a clash of arms." The U.S.'s main effort was to get both sides to negotiate, and last week's events seemed to be edging in that direction. The Dutch dropped their insistence on self-determination; Sukarno reportedly now insisted only on recognition of Indonesian "administration," not immediate sovereignty. In a characteristic speech, he threatened imminent conquest of New Guinea ("No fleet, no army, no force will stop us"), but added: "Let us be patient just a little longer."

The Natural Americans

(See Cover)

Ambassadors have no battleships at their disposal, or heavy infantry, or fortresses. Their weapons are words and opportunities.

—Demosthenes, 343 B.C.

Modern ambassadors administer vast arsenals of peaceful weapons: food, loans, technical assistance—and in crisis, their advice to the government back home can even fetch battleships and airplanes. But words and opportunities remain the basic armament of diplomacy. In an age when heads of state can conveniently meet face to face, when foreign ministers crisscross the globe like soldier ants, when lies as well as truth travel with the speed of thought, it is still the ambassadors in every world capital who must explain their governments' policies to friends and foes, restrain the hasty, encourage the weak. For no nation in history was this task ever as demanding as for the U.S.

Whether or not it chooses to be involved, it is to the U.S. that the peoples the world over turn in anger or supplication. When an African leader is murdered or a colonial power censured in the U.N., stones rain on U.S. embassies thousands of miles away. If floods sweep through villages in South Viet Nam or drought destroys a wheat crop in Yugoslavia, their governments repair for help almost automatically to the U.S. ambassador. This phenomenon is often exasperating. But in a sense it merely acknowledges the reality that the U.S. is a world power with a worldwide stake in peace and order.

As 1962 opened, 99 U.S. ambassadors were at work, from the snow-clad plains of Serbia to the traffic jams of Tokyo. They included 68 ambassadors appointed by President Kennedy. In their first year on the job, the Kennedy men could scarcely claim many successes and have already suffered a number of setbacks. But they may well be the most promising new group of diplomats that the U.S. has fielded in years. Not all of them measure up to Kennedy's campaign promise that he would name as ambassadors "the best talent" in the U.S. But as a measure of ability, well over half the new appointees speak the languages of the countries to which they are assigned; the great majority have experience of their areas. Of all chiefs of mission now serving abroad, 70% are career Foreign Service men. Obviously this is no guarantee of success but the caliber of the professionals is rising. In some of the world's most complex areas (see story above), career men like Llewellyn E. Thompson were quietly and steadily at work last week. As for Kennedy's 28 "political" appointees, half come from education, law or journalism, while nine more come from other Government jobs. Three of the liveliest choices—and likeliest successes—among the new appointees are notable for their back-

ground, personality and high professional qualifications. The three:

GEORGE FROST KENNAN, 57, Pulitzer-prizewinning Kremlinologist (*Russia Leaves the War*), onetime Ambassador to Moscow (1952), top cold war strategist who shaped the U.S. containment policy and the Marshall Plan. In a sharp policy disagreement with John Foster Dulles, he was shunted aside in 1953 after 25 years in the Foreign Service. He became a professor at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, now is back in diplomacy as Ambassador to Yugoslavia, one of the cold war's key vantage points.

EDWIN OLDFATHER REISCHAUER, 51, Tokyo-born professor, translator and author (*Wanted: An Asian Policy*), and formerly (1956-60) director of Harvard's Center for East Asian Studies. He has spent 18 years in Japan, has a Japanese wife, is fluent in Japanese, reads Chinese, and is one of the leading U.S. authorities on Asian literature and history. Reischauer has had State Department experience as a Far Eastern deskman during Asia's post-war upheaval (1945-46), is now Ambassador to Japan.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, 53, bestselling controversialist (*The Affluent Society*), Harvard economics professor and sometime speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson and Kennedy, Canadian-born Galbraith has had half a dozen Government jobs, since 1956 has compiled searching surveys of India's economy, and is now Ambassador to India.

Shades of Ben. The three professors plenipotentiary have written 25 books among them, are unabashed intellectuals in countries that respect scholars or ideologists. Outwardly, they are as dissimilar as their specialties. Trim (5 ft. 11½ in., 135 lbs.), athletic George Kennan is blunt, analytical, professional, and a deeply moral man who agonizes over the increasingly "sterile" clash of East and West. Towering (6 ft. 8 in.) Ken Galbraith is a vastly engaging, vastly self-assured pragmatist; given to heavily ironic wisecracks, he likes to be taken for an ogre, and in diplomacy, he claims, he has had to make himself "a lot more agreeable" than is his wont. Slight (5 ft. 11 in., 165 lbs.) Ed Reischauer is a low-key, hard-driving teetotaler whose Oriental serenity and up-bringing have prompted the Japanese to treat him like an honorable cousin.

In their jobs, Kennan, Reischauer and Galbraith have set markedly individual styles. Their joint characteristics are frankness, sensitivity to the nerves and taboos of their host countries, an eagerness to listen as well as a marked capacity for eloquence, love of exercise and travel, impatience with the failures of U.S. society, and ill-concealed dislike of Embassy Row cocktail parties. In one of his books, Ed Reischauer says: "Diplomatic relations have grown out of the exchange of personal representatives between kings, and they still preserve some of the aristocratic aura of their origin. But diplomatic relations today are not really between individual rulers but between whole peoples of entire nations."

Actually, that idea goes back to the Republic's earliest days when Ambassador Ben Franklin appeared at the Court of Versailles wearing an old coat and wielding a crab-apple stick. The name for their own current version of people-to-people diplomacy was suggested by Ambassador Galbraith. Said he: "We don't want the Showy American. We don't want the Ugly American. I am quite willing to settle for the Natural American."

Classic Assets. From language to costume to protocol,* as richly obscure as a Melanesian courtship rite, diplomacy is not really a natural enterprise. Today it is carried on by the U.S. in a world where friends can be more frustrating than foes, where, as far as U.S. aid is concerned, most nations assume that it is more blessed to receive than to give, where every step is shadowed and every misstep exploited by the Communists (who are probably the

The Ideologist

Of the three posts, Kennan's is probably the trickiest, because of Yugoslavia's own anomalous situation—a thoroughgoing Communist state that broke with Stalin in 1948, has been heavily aided by the West ever since, is now generally subservient to Khrushchev in foreign policy but proclaims itself neutral. To start with, Ambassador Kennan hoped Tito Communists would be more "objective" than Soviet comrades, that with care and cultivation Tito might be induced to practice true neutrality. For four months, says an old Belgrade hand, Kennan "thought his personality and techniques were reshaping Tito's thinking"—a mistake Historian Kennan has spotted in others, including Franklin Roosevelt in his attitude toward Stalin.

The sobering shock for Kennan came



AMBASSADOR GALBRAITH WITH WIFE & FRIEND
Words and opportunities remain the basic armament.

leading modern exponents of the 17th century notion that a diplomat is an "honorable spy").

Though a pretty wife, a good chef and a good cellar are classic assets, nowadays the only essential for diplomatic success, as the State Department's Loy Henderson insisted, is "political sensitivity"—without it a Ph.D. is useless. With it a high school student is invaluable." Messrs. Kennan, Reischauer and Galbraith will not win the cold war by setting fine tables. But they have personable wives, and, above all, they possess political sensitivity to the highest degree.

* U.S. ambassadors are among the few diplomats who are never addressed as "Excellency." Their formal attire for almost a century was "the simple dress of an American citizen," as decreed by Andrew Jackson in 1833. Since the order specified long trousers, which were then worn mostly by waiters, U.S. ambassadors were constantly being insulted—or tipped. Formal dress for a U.S. diplomat today consists of striped pants, white tie, black coat and black waistcoat, a combination still favored by waiters.

with the conference last September of "nonaligned nations" in Belgrade. After assurances from Tito and top officials that Yugoslavia aimed to act as a "moderating force" on the other countries at the conference, Kennan flatly reported to Washington that Tito's speech would be genuinely neutral. But he did not know that when Russia resumed nuclear tests, Soviet Ambassador Alexei Epishov had called on Tito and left him convinced that Khrushchev needed his support. Unaware of the switch, Kennan was shocked and infuriated by Tito's anti-Western speech, which defended Khrushchev and took the Moscow line on Berlin. Kennan fired off angry cables to Washington. Shortly afterward, President Kennedy called for a review of U.S. aid to Yugoslavia. To many people in the drought-ridden country, it looked like retaliation for Tito's speech, although Kennan told an aide: "I would never play politics with Yugoslav stomachs."

Ambassador Kennan shunned Yugoslav

friends for nearly three months until orders came from Washington to negotiate the sale of 500,000 tons of wheat, half the amount requested. Cheered by the news, Kennan attended Tito's annual hunt for Belgrade's diplomatic chiefs of mission. At the traditional hunt dinner (which went on until 6 a.m.), Kennan was surprised to find himself the guest of honor, seated between Tito and Edvard Kardelj, the party theoretician who is Tito's likely successor. For several hours Kennan aired his grievances before Yugoslavia's top leadership. Shorn of his initial optimism, Kennan had reminded himself that the Titoists are genuine Communists, and had reminded them that the U.S. cannot be used as a mere convenience. With guid-

from the strains of scholarship, I feel like a boy out of school." Kennan and his Norwegian-born wife Annelise entertain to advantage (nearly 300 Yugoslavs so far) in their house, just down the street from Tito's villa. He has had six private sessions with Tito, more than any of the 45 other ambassadors in Belgrade. He explores the countryside on horseback or by car, has been busily reading Yugoslav literature (including all four novels by 1961 Nobel Laureate Ivo Andric). When he found that no first-rate history of Yugoslavia exists, Kennan decided that the embassy should write its own, one chapter per officer (his own assignment: medieval Serbia). Always the intellectual, when his turn came to conduct Sunday

two famous concepts: containment and disengagement.

As early as 1933, when he opposed establishment of U.S. diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, he warned: "The Communists mean to see us destroyed." When he first urged containment in 1946, it was, for its day, a tough anti-Communist policy. Largely through its inspiration, the Truman Doctrine was launched (though he insists that containment was always intended as a peaceful-political, not a military policy); and it was Kennan who brought the Marshall Plan to reality. In time, containment came to seem passive and sterile. While others vainly sought a way of "rolling back" Red power, Kennan preached the antithesis: disengagement. With its reference to a demilitarized Europe, the disengagement theory infuriated even Old Colleague Dean Acheson, who accused Kennan of having a "rather mystical attitude" toward power relationships. Wrote Kennan: "We all have to make our compromises with the devil and have our dealings with him."

But he no longer presses for disengagement. Says he: "I have no intention of resuming the role of a voice crying in the wilderness. The important thing is that what I said in the past has been rejected as policy. Another path has been chosen. I am here, and I follow that path without question."

The Knowing Elder

In Yugoslavia, Kennan is trying to prod an ideologically hostile country toward genuine neutrality; in Japan, Ed Reischauer has the opposite task: he must keep an essentially friendly country from moving toward neutrality—or worse. Neutralism, Reischauer believes, is a more potent threat in Japan than Washington realizes. Though the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party has a safe two-thirds majority in the Diet, it commands only about 62% of the popular vote. If this margin swings to the solidly neutralist opposition, the U.S.-Japanese alliance would almost certainly be scrapped, and, argues Reischauer, "neutralism, if not open pro-Communism, would be shown to be the obvious 'wave of the future.'"

As a result of breakneck political and economic progress, says Reischauer, Japan has become "the world's fastest-changing society," no longer has any "central core of ideals on which all groups can agree." The result: "A huge current of discontent within Japanese society, of frustration with present trends, and a strong sense of alienation from the existing order." Visiting Japan in 1960, Reischauer was "shocked" by the savagery that erupted in the May and June riots against the U.S.-Japanese security treaty. In a magazine article a few months later, he accused Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II of making a "shocking miscalculation" of the situation, which belatedly prompted cancellation of Eisenhower's trip to Japan. He was a private citizen but also a leading expert on Japan, and so MacArthur asked Reischauer to drop by the embassy. The two men talked for hours, and Reischauer issued a



AMBASSADOR KENNAN & TITO
"I would never play politics with Yugoslav stomachs."

ance from Kennan, who returned for consultations this week, the U.S. expected to make hard-boiled adjustments in the type, priority and amounts of aid to Tito. "The Yugoslavs have learned," says an embassy officer, "that Kennan won't allow the U.S. to be pushed around. Some of his predecessors just shrugged and said, 'Well, it's a Communist country, and they don't like us.' Kennan's not like that, and now that they know it, they have begun to show him extreme friendliness, deference and interest."

Kennan has conducted a running feud with *Borba*, the party sheet, and the government daily *Politika*. (He reads five papers in three languages daily.) "Shocked" by consistent distortion of events in the U.S.—which has pumped \$2.1 billion in aid into the country, with its allies taking 60% of all Yugoslav exports—Kennan has fired off five angry letters to the papers. Their editors were flattered to be addressed by Professor Kennan, failed to print the letters, but last fortnight *Borba's* editor in chief paid him the rare honor, for a Westerner, of giving a dinner party at which Kennan was able to debate with other Yugoslav editors.

George Kennan plainly thrives on the controversy. Says he: "It's a vacation

services at the nondenominational embassy church. Presbyterian Kennan spurned the canned sermons used by his officers, instead delivered a dissertation on "Religion as a Historical Force."

Dictating at breakneck speed without rewriting a word, Kennan turns out some of the best telegrams in the Foreign Service—and he does not necessarily stick to Yugoslav affairs. A Kennan cable is apt to begin: "While bowing to Tommy Thompson's superior knowledge since he is on the scene in Moscow, I do believe it might be useful to consider . . ."

Two Concepts. Kennan's preoccupation with both history and Russia is a family heritage. Though he is convinced that he "must have lived before and been a Russian," Kennan began his present incarnation in Milwaukee. Son of a tax attorney, he was inspired to join the Foreign Service by his cousin, George Kennan, a 19th century traveler, lecturer and writer who became the leading U.S. authority on Czarist Russia.* George Frost Kennan's intense intellectual and often emotional conflict with Communist Russia produced

* After hearing Kennan describe Siberia's prison camps, Mark Twain exclaimed: "If such a government cannot be overthrown otherwise than by dynamite, then thank God for dynamite!"

mild apology. Less than a year later, he sat at the other side of the ambassadorial desk in MacArthur's place (MacArthur is now U.S. Ambassador to Belgium). Reischauer had been halfway through a new book on Asian history "when this appointment hit me." As a longtime critic of U.S. Asian policy, he now had the critic's rare opportunity—to show that he could do better himself.

Today "Reischauer-san" is something of a hero in Japan. He and his Japanese-born wife (his second; his first wife died in 1955) are treated by Tokyo crowds like movie stars or *sumo* champions. As the first U.S. ambassador in Japan to speak, read and write the language, he is constantly on TV. When he arrived, one paper warned local politicians that the new ambassador would know exactly what they are up to, headlined: THE MAN WHO KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT JAPAN.

Pertinent Points. To the Japanese, gentle Ed Reischauer has "low posture," the degree of humility that permits frankness. He eagerly talks to labor-union leaders, journalists, university professors, industrialists, and sees more of opposition leaders and intellectuals than his predecessor. Three months ago, a delegation of robed Buddhist monks came to protest against U.S. nuclear tests. Reischauer discoursed knowledgeably on Buddhism and the bomb in Japanese, explained U.S. reasons for testing, and sent them home wreathed in smiles.²

As a scholar who is admirably called

² He uses Japanese in conversation, but his speeches are delivered in English, since the ambassador has no time to compose the precise, formalized rhetoric expected of the Japanese orator.



AMBASSADOR REISCHAUER PITCHING
"I'm vastly encouraged."



REISCHAUER & WIFE AT PARTY FOR DEAF JAPANESE CHILDREN
He is an honorable cousin with "low posture."

K. AIZAWA

"*Bunka Taishi*," the cultural ambassador, Ed Reischauer has an entrée to Japanese universities that is jealously denied other foreign officials. In every campus appearance he has scrupulously avoided propaganda, but manages nonetheless to get in some pertinent points. In a discussion of "Japanese History as Viewed from Abroad," he gracefully recalled the oft-forgotten fact that Japan had a thriving parliamentary tradition for 80 years before it was choked by the militarists in the '30s. The between-the-lines message was to Japanese radicals who are impatient with the legal niceties of democracy, which they regard merely as imposed by the U.S. occupation. One of his sharpest arguments: to students who yearn for both neutrality and disarmament, Reischauer points out that the two do not go together: "To be neutral, you must be prepared to be highly militarized, like Sweden or Switzerland."

Premature Genro. Almost all of Ed Reischauer's life has been a preparation for his present task. He is the son of a Presbyterian missionary who taught philosophy for 25 years at Tokyo's big Meiji Gakuin University and, with his wife, founded Japan's first school for deaf-mutes. Asked why he did not become a missionary, Reischauer grins: "Ah, but I am!"

Reischauer spent most of his childhood in Tokyo, graduated from Oberlin ('31), and after his M.A. in history at Harvard spent six years studying and touring as a fellow of the Harvard-Yenching Institute, an independent foundation that supports exchange fellowships and other academic programs in Asia (Reischauer had been its director since 1956). In 1931, at a time when few Americans were interested in Oriental studies, Reischauer was the only student taking Harvard's Chinese classics course, proudly calls himself "sort of a premature *genro* [elder statesman]," At

Harvard he was famed for his basic course in Asian history, affectionately known as "Rice Paddies."

His wife Haru has an East-meets-West background that complements Reischauer's. Her mother was born in the U.S., where Haru's grandfather lived for 60 years and made his fortune as a silk trader. On her father's side, she is the granddaughter of Prince Masayoshi Matsukata, who was twice Prime Minister (1891-92, 1896-97). After attending Principia College in Elmhurst, Ill., Haru returned to Japan, after the war became a correspondent for U.S. magazines.

Favorable Moment. Both in and outside the embassy, which has responsibility for 2,460 employees (all but 392 are Japanese), Mr. and Mrs. Reischauer are a major social attraction. After its baseball team scored a 6-5 victory over the Japanese Foreign Office team, led by athletic Foreign Minister Zeniro Kosaka, the embassy staff gave the ambassador its Most Valuable Player award. At a festival in the seaport where Commodore Perry came ashore in 1853, Reischauer topped the bill. He wore a *yukata*, Japan's light cotton robe, and geta (clogs), delighted the crowd by thumping a great drum.

Reischauer knows that diplomacy is not a popularity contest. He arrived in Japan at a favorable moment, when a reaction against the earlier violence had already set in, and he now concedes that Predecessor MacArthur on the whole did a good job in a difficult period. Reischauer's own stiff tests still lie ahead. One of them: defense. U.S. occupation of Okinawa is a continuing source of friction in Japan, which wants to resume full sovereignty (it may soon get a bigger role in the island's administration). Though Japan spends only 1.4% of its national income on defense and relies on the U.S. for its protection, U.S. airbases and 45,000 servicemen (fewest since the occupation) inevitably stir resentment in



GALBRAITH IN PADDYFIELDS

"Rightly or wrongly, I usually have a perfectly clear idea of what to do."

the world's most densely populated country. U.S. resumption of nuclear tests in the atmosphere would provoke violent reaction. But by far the biggest problem for Japan, the world's second biggest market for U.S. goods, is the Administration's evident intention to raise tariffs on Japanese cotton textiles, which has prompted widespread protest. Reischauer says that Japan, which is running a billion-dollar trade deficit, will nonetheless "keep going ahead economically."

From unusually close contact with his fellow natives of Tokyo, Ambassador Reischauer believes that the tide of neutralism is ebbing. "I'm vastly encouraged," he says. "There is a much clearer realization of world realities."

The Insider

If the U.S. is better understood in Japan today than it was a year ago, its image in India has slightly clouded over. The change is due partly to the U.S. fiasco in Cuba, but more importantly to U.S. criticism of Indian actions: India's bull-headed demand for another unworkable nuclear test ban last October, the unsavory adventure in Goa.

Personally, John Kenneth Galbraith is almost as popular in India as Ed Reischauer in Japan. Natural American Galbraith has shucked business suits and neckties for casual sports shirts and white-hunter-style bush jackets. In his eagerness to talk to villagers in the middle of a paddyfield, he has even shucked his shoes. One of Galbraith's minor but highly welcome public relations gestures was to wheedle a \$15,000 Ford Foundation grant so that he could distribute U.S. books to Indians. Jawaharlal Nehru took a bundle on his last vacation, reported that he was particularly tickled by *The Last Hurrah*. Ken Galbraith still has to fork out \$500 a gross for the book that

influential Indians seem to want most. Says he: "I thought it would be a bit raw to have the Ford Foundation buy up a supply of *The Affluent Society*."⁹

In the Post Office. Before he became ambassador, the Indian government retained him as an adviser. In his reports, describing the inertia and inefficiency of India's state-owned industries, Economist Galbraith coined the catch phrase "post-office socialism," proceeded to place the blame for its mediocre showing on "the socialists, who are responsible for the paralyzing belief that success is a matter of faith, not works." In the U.S., where he is himself known as a devout believer in economic planning, these words would sound strange from Galbraith; but amid India's "post-office socialists," he sounds almost like a free enterpriser, and many Indians are beginning to accept his recommendation that unless state-owned industries are made profitable and allowed to reinvest their profits, the nation faces economic stagnation.

Ken Galbraith is no less critical of the manner in which massive U.S. technical assistance has been frittered away on reams of unessential, unnoticed projects (sample: building better chicken coops). He has persuaded Washington to concentrate technical aid on three high-priority sectors—industrial management, public health, food grain production—that will help India and boost U.S. prestige. Though U.S. aid (nearly \$4 billion in ten years) is the biggest outside boost to India's economy, complains the ambassador, it has become so "anonymous and secretive" that few Indians appreciate it.

Instant Wording. Despite occasional strains in U.S.-Indian relations, old India hands rate Galbraith as potentially the

best ambassador Washington has sent to New Delhi. The job has been eased for him, he admits, by trends that began during the Eisenhower Administration—increased U.S. concern for the unaligned Afro-Asian nations, the view that free, non-Communist countries should qualify for aid without having to join military alliances. Of his predecessors, New York Businessman Ellsworth Bunker and Kentucky's U.S. Senator John Sherman Cooper were exceptionally able and well liked, while Chester Bowles, though popular at the time, is now remembered as having tried too hard to woo the Indians. Galbraith has a wider field of effectiveness and is closer to Nehru than either of his immediate predecessors, for the simple reason, as New Delhi sees it, that "they have more to talk about."

He is perhaps too confident in his belief that he understands the complicated Nehru, but on the whole he handles him well. Last August, after Nehru made the damaging assertion in the Indian Parliament that he could see no legal basis for Western access to Berlin, Galbraith braced Nehru with documentation. The Prime Minister admitted his error, but said that he would wait to revise his estimate until after the weekend—which would have allowed the error to sink in. At that point, Galbraith suggested a tactfully worded statement modifying Nehru's Berlin judgment. The Prime Minister smiled and, with only one change, agreed to Galbraith's wording.

The sternest test of Galbraith's skill came before the invasion of Goa. He spent two hours trying to dissuade Nehru, rose early next morning to write a forceful two-page memo. Nehru postponed the invasion three days when Galbraith promised that Washington would do its utmost to persuade Portugal to agree to a face-saving U.N. arbitration. The attempt founded on Portugal's refusal. Once the invasion was over (in 36 hours), Galbraith thought the Goa matter should be dropped, argued that further U.S. censure of India was futile and would only make the Indians tougher to deal with on other issues. He sent off a critical telegram to the State Department when his old friend and sometime political hero, Adlai Stevenson, made a U.N. speech that sharply censured India's action. But Galbraith himself does not hesitate to criticize the Indians for their often inconsistent positions. Citing U.S. intervention against the Trujillos, Galbraith felt that the U.S. received little credit for a courageous decision, added wryly: "Had our pressure been on extremists of the left rather than the right, we would have stirred up a hideous row."

Lozy W. He got his job because President Kennedy wanted "a man I know" to deal with Nehru. Galbraith feels himself an Administration insider, is probably the most independent ambassador in the field. He travels when and where he chooses, improvises on State Department orders, even ignores them if he feels they are ill advised. "A calculated risk," he says, "is

⁹ It has done quite well enough on its own: 154,000 copies in twelve languages.

what they say in Washington when they mean, "I don't think this will work, but don't blame me later." On major issues his brisk, elegant telegrams are written more for White House consumption than for the "ice palace," as he sometimes jokingly calls the State Department. The President has blessed Galbraith's independent ways. "It's O.K., Ken," he told the ambassador on one of his reappearances in Washington. "It's why you're paid so highly."⁸

Galbraith has an instinctive air of authority, can seem commanding even when he is relaxing on a sofa, his long frame folded into a lazy W. "Rightly or wrongly," he says, "I usually have a perfectly clear idea of what to do." He has always had a passion for politics and for the uses of power. His father, a schoolteacher turned farmer, was a local Liberal Party leader at Iona Station, Ont.; but he was as shy as he was tall (6 ft. 8 in., like his son), and never sought political office. Young Galbraith did not feel such diffidence. He studied animal husbandry (which has stood him in good stead as a tireless cow-patter on Indian farm tours), got a Ph.D. in economics at the University of California, became an instructor at Harvard and Princeton, but, through it all, he yearned for politics. He bounced around the Washington agencies, and in his spare time constructed an elaborate system for price regulation. In 1941, when Galbraith's system was published, he was hired by Leon Henderson as an official in the newborn Office of Price Administration, later became OPA deputy administrator. Galbraith looked on helplessly for two years as his six-man staff swelled to 16,000 and every one of his mechanisms for price control proved unworkable. From a stint at *FORTUNE*, which he credits with teaching him to write, he returned to Harvard. (In 1937 he had married Kitty Atwater, who became one of Harvard's best German instructors.)

Feudal Friends. At Harvard, Galbraith began turning out books and, at campaign time, Democratic speeches. The experience persuaded him that diplomacy is no different from politics as practiced, say, at a political convention: "You must ask and argue but try to do it without robbing the other person of his personal sovereignty or self-respect."

As a diplomat-politician, Galbraith occasionally forgets his own advice about other people's self-respect. In his early days as ambassador, he refused to meet a maharajah with the lofty comment that he did not want to identify himself with "feudal elements." Later he found that maharajahs can be the best of 20th century company. He publicly ridiculed two "end-use observers" on his own staff (experts who watch how U.S. aid is applied), later conceded that they were useful and that in fact he needed more. If New Delhi has a more serious criticism of Galbraith, it is that conservative business

circles—in which he tends to be dismissed as "that socialist"—have hardly glimpsed the ambassador. Galbraith says businessmen are next on his schedule, has concentrated instead on the most volatile segment of Indian society, its left-wing intellectuals. In a series of major speeches, he has not trucked to their prejudices, but has candidly explored the duties and limitations of free societies. At Madras' Annamalai University recently, he discussed the U.S. role in the world in terms that might also have been used by Colleagues Kennan and Reischauer, and indeed by any U.S. ambassador:

"In recent times we have been granting aid which has the purpose of helping countries to attain and maintain their independence. At what point in either ineffectiveness or illiberalism does that assistance cease to be justified? Let me be very clear that there is such a point. There could be no greater error of calculation than to imagine that the U.S. will try to save all comers from Communism, however feeble their own efforts, however maladroic their administration, or however despot their internal politics. Governments can be so bad either in motive or performance or a combination of the two that they are not worth saving, or cannot be saved. But if we resolved to extend our aid only to perfect democracies, we would have very few clients."

Again and again he stressed the point that others must share in the task: "It may be that the U.S. in past years has seemed too eager to assume responsibility. One sometimes thinks that people have come to expect that everywhere disorder manifests itself, or wherever Communism rears its head there will be an American on hand to put down the disorder, resist the Communists and generally put things right . . . Our eagerness is not that great . . . The task is how to assume responsi-

bility without arrogating responsibility. The myth of American omnipotence is a myth. The task of protecting liberty and promoting orderly development and well-being is one that must engage the thoughts and energies of all."

ALGERIA

Battle of Bel Air

Ex-General Raoul Salan's Secret Army Organization seemed to own Algiers. The police either would not or could not find the S.A.O. terrorists. The French army was either sympathetic or indifferent to the S.A.O. resolve to keep Algeria French. But for the past month, the S.A.O. has been under attack by a band of newcomers nicknamed *barbouzes* (bearded ones). They began by machine-gunning the cars in which S.A.O. men blatantly drove around Algiers. Next, they bombed 17 cafés patronized exclusively by the S.A.O. *Barbouzes* are credited with the "disappearance" of several S.A.O. chiefs.

The S.A.O. last week finally located the secret *barbouze* headquarters. It was a modern villa called Bel Air, set among the olive and palm trees on the heights of Algiers. The head *barbouze* was identified as Colonel Jean Leroy, 50, a veteran paratrooper officer and guerrilla leader who is half French, half Vietnamese. In Paris last fall, Leroy accepted a commission from De Gaulle's government to form a 100-man underground police force to fight the S.A.O. with its own terror tactics.

Leroy Was Here. Shortly before midnight on New Year's Eve, an S.A.O. detachment opened fire on Villa Bel Air with bazookas and machine guns. Leroy's men replied with automatic arms and hand grenades. Fleeing, the attackers left behind them one dead S.A.O. terrorist under a bush. He was the first open battle casualty of the S.A.O., and is already being hailed among ultras as the No. 1 martyr of *Algérie Française*. Colonel Leroy, keeping his own casualties secret, moved out next night to another secret headquarters.

The battle of Villa Bel Air set off a wave of terror throughout Algeria in which the S.A.O., the *barbouzes*, the Moslem F.L.N., the police and the army appeared to tangle indiscriminately. In four cities within four days, 80 people were killed and 160 wounded. Several Moslems suspected of being terrorists were caught by a crowd in Oran and burned alive in their car. In a mountain gorge near Bougie, the F.L.N. ambushed a French army convoy, killing 18 soldiers—the highest army losses in recent months.

Freed Comrades. Yet, through the welter of blood, the secret negotiations between the French and the F.L.N. continued, and there seemed to be some progress toward a settlement. In Paris, President Charles de Gaulle told a visitor at the Elysée Palace: "We'll see results shortly." From his Tunisian headquarters, F.L.N. Premier Benyousssef Benkhedda flew to Morocco, where he was hailed by



COLONEL LEROY (1955)
Terror fought terror.

FRANCIS GULLY

⁸ \$27,500 plus allowances. Reischauer also gets \$27,500. Kennan \$25,000.

a crowd of 50,000 and received the 21-gun salute awarded to heads of state. With him, settling down for an indefinite stay in Morocco, was the top leadership of the F.L.N. Evident purpose of the F.L.N. migration: to cement relations with a major North African power.⁹

But if agreement is reached between France and the F.L.N., it could well unleash a burst of violence by Salan and his S.A.O. Running gun fights in the streets obviously cannot overthrow De Gaulle; what Salan is believed to be counting on is bringing the Europeans out in a mass demonstration that will pose for the French army in Algeria the grim dilemma of either shooting down Frenchmen or tacitly joining with Salan. As a warning against a cease-fire, the S.A.O. last week plastered posters throughout Algiers. As if parodying De Gaulle's own grand style, the posters were headed, "I, Raoul Salan, commander in chief," and ended grimly by demanding the "mobilization" of all Algerians to oppose both De Gaulle and the F.L.N. and thus "save Algeria for the fatherland!"

REBELLIONS

Coups by Night

Two small but bitter political uprisings shook two nations last week. Both were quickly suppressed, but both momentarily illuminated the half-hidden political forces at work in the two countries.

⁹ French observers see an additional reason: with a cease-fire, De Gaulle is committed to release from prison Mohammed ben Bella and four other F.L.N. Cabinet members who were captured in 1956 when the pilot of their plane was tricked into landing on French territory. Once freed, the F.L.N. ministers will be returned by the French to their point of origin: Morocco. Benkhedda evidently wants to be on hand to welcome his old comrades.

In Portugal, a somewhat amateurish band of conspirators tried to unseat António de Oliveira Salazar. At 2 a.m. New Year's Day, as heavy winds and rain lashed the wheatfields around Beja, 85 miles southeast of Lisbon, a sentry at the 3rd Infantry Regiment barracks was roused by the approach of four automobiles. Recognizing three of his own regimental officers, he waved the cars inside the gate. But the cars also carried a score of workers from Lisbon's suburb of Almada, and such sworn foes of the Salazar regime as ex-Army Captain João Varela Gomes and Manuel Serra, former head of the Catholic youth movement.

The insurgents easily rounded up sleeping officers in the regimental headquarters—so easily that they grew careless. Varela Gomes burst into the room of the acting commandant, a major, and ordered him to put up his hands. Instead, the major whipped out a submachine gun, dropped Varela Gomes with five bullets in the stomach, and escaped to give the alarm.

With Varela Gomes badly wounded, his followers seemed at a loss. They exchanged brief fire with soldiers and security police who moved on the barracks, and then fled. The Under Secretary for the Army, Lieut. Colonel Jaime da Fonseca, raced down from Lisbon to take charge, but as he approached the barracks on foot he was shot dead, probably by one of his own trigger-happy men. Two insurgents were killed at Beja and 13 captured, including the badly wounded Varela Gomes. Five more were seized at a fishing port, where they had hoped to escape by sea.

In Brazil, long a haven for anti-Salazar exiles, Captain Henrique Galvão called the Beja incident "a great step forward, just because it happened." Galvão, who daringly hijacked the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* last January, conceded that the operation was badly led and planned,



LEBANON'S CHEHAB
Solidity through success.

but nevertheless saw it "as a logical development of the revolutionary process that has continued without interruption since the *Santa Maria*." He prophesied that 1962 "will mark the end of Salazar." The aging (72) dictator himself last week made one of his rare appearances before Parliament to deliver a speech, but an aide had to read it for him; in moments of strain, Salazar is apt to lose his voice, and after 33 years in power, the strain was beginning to tell on the world's senior dictator.*

In Lebanon, the insurrection was more ambitious, recalling for awhile the 1958 civil war in which Christian President Camille Chamoun's government was in conflict with pro-Nasser Moslems until U.S. Marines restored order. When the dust settled, Chamoun stepped down and both Christians and Moslems united behind the presidency of ascetic General Fuad Chehab, a Christian Arab whose policy is pro-Western, yet also friendly to Egypt's Nasser. Last week's revolt against Chehab was led by the Popular Syrian Party, a right-wing Moslem group dedicated to uniting Lebanon, Syria, Jordan and Iraq into a single Arab state.

The revolt began one night in the ancient city of Tyre when an army captain named Fouad Awad loaded 40 soldiers into eight armored cars and set off for Beirut, 45 miles away. Rolling into the capital at 2 a.m., Awad was joined by several hundred armed civilians. They seized army headquarters and the general post office, laid siege to the Ministry of Defense.

The chief of army intelligence, Colonel Antoine Saad, had been aware that a coup was in the making. Returning from a party, Saad found the Ministry of De-



PORTUGAL'S SALAZAR (LEFT) AT UNDER SECRETARY'S BIER
Illumination by amateurs.

* Runners-up: Franco, in power 23 years; Albania's Enver Hoxha, 17 years; Yugoslavia's Tito, 16 years; East Germany's Ulbricht, 13 years; China's Mao Tse-tung, 12 years.



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fense surrounded by rebels, sent a boy on a bicycle off with a message to a nearby armored unit. The revolt collapsed when three Centurion tanks arrived and opened fire on the besiegers, killing five. Captain Awad and some of his men escaped to the towering Lebanon range behind Beirut in whose craggy villages live an estimated 25,000 members of the Popular Syrian Party. At week's end, Lebanese jet fighters were strafing the insurgent villages, while army units moved up to crush the uprising.

All other parties rallied to the support of Chehab. Although suspected of being mixed up in the coup, ex-President Camille Chamoun pledged loyalty to Chehab. Clearly relieved that there was not to be a repetition of the 1958 fighting, the newspaper *L'Orient* applauded the new "solidity" of Lebanese institutions, congratulated its country on the swift failure "of this mad enterprise made without any popular support or without any serious support within the army."

ITALY

A Sinistra?

"I think governments should behave like good Christians. They should live with the detachment and serenity of those who know that each day which dawns can be their last." So said Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani, 53, as the last days of his government approached. For 17 months, Fanfani's Christian Democrats, who have 273 Deputies, or 26 short of a majority, have governed in parliamentary alliance with the mildly left-of-center Social Democrats (17 seats), the right-of-center Republicans (six seats), and the Liberals (18 seats), who more than any other Italian party are dedicated to free enterprise. Last week Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Social Democrats, announced that by Jan. 27 he and the Republicans will pull out of the government majority, toppling the Fanfani Cabinet.

Fanfani himself approved. He wanted to collapse his Cabinet in order to rebuild it on a new power base. He expects to continue his alliance with the Social Democrats and Republicans, but wants to get rid of the free-enterprising Liberals. In their place, he wants to work with Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists (87 seats), thereby placing Italy within sight of the long-discussed *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left). The maneuver may seem hazardous, but Fanfani has his reasons.

Economic Change. Italy is in the midst of a boom unmatched in its history (see BUSINESS). National output is climbing; inflation has been curbed; workers are buying more cars, washing machines, refrigerators. But to many Italians, prosperity has come to seem normal; they see no reason why the Christian Democratic Party should take any credit for it. Elections 13 years ago gave the party and its center allies 60% of the popular vote, compared with the 51% they would get today.

Amid prosperity, stubborn areas of economic depression continue, and Fanfani

believes that more state action is necessary to erase them. His plans, opposed by the Liberal Party but warmly supported by Nenni's Socialists, call for heavy government investment in the poverty-stricken south, stepped-up construction of schools, roads, railways.

Another factor in Fanfani's political strategy is the Roman Catholic Church, which has notably relaxed its opposition to the Italian left. Under the late Pope Pius XII, who threatened excommunication for Communist voters, bishops often took a direct hand in local politics, brought pressure not only against the Communist but against all left-wing parties. In contrast, Pope John believes that since Italy has survived its postwar crisis, there should be less political activity by the clergy. Recently, when one Christian Democrat threatened to form a right-wing



NENNI



FANFANI

Any day can be the last.



SARAGAT

Catholic party in opposition to Fanfani, the church disapproved.

Political Change. Under Fanfani's plan, Nenni's Socialists would get no Cabinet seats. They would support the government in Parliament by backing measures they find agreeable, abstain on others. In the case of many needed reforms, cooperation would not be difficult, but conflict will almost certainly come over such issues as Nenni's demands for nationalization of the power industry, his neutralism in foreign policy.

One case for cautious hope: signs that Nenni would like to break out of his long-standing and smothering alliance with the Communists. He bitterly condemned Khrushchev when Russia resumed atomic testing, has criticized Moscow's absolutist methods, which he describes as a "policy of the Last Judgment." Thus, while Italy faces an opening to the left, for Nenni and his Socialists it may become an opening to the right.

EAST GERMANY

Spitzbart in Trouble

Throughout all the maneuvers over Berlin, one thing has not changed: Walter Ulbricht's nasty little regime in East Germany is in serious trouble. Last week Ulbricht was admitting it.

The end of 1961 had once been the deadline for the signing of a peace treaty between Russia and East Germany; Khrushchev quietly dropped that deadline weeks ago, in his New Year's message did not even mention it. While West Germany continued to enjoy its brightly lit prosperity, the eastern half of the divided country was in gloomy want. As the weather turned colder, there were official warnings against the use of electric heaters because of East Germany's power shortage. Shops were short of shoes. Butter,

milk and meat were hard to find in many cities. The papers kept reporting arrests of "economic criminals"; one 69-year-old woman in Dresden drew 15 months for hoarding food, and in Frankfurt-on-Oder a man who burned down two barns full of corn was sentenced to death for what the court called "hatred against the state."

Nasty Recruiters. On TV, Ulbricht tried to explain that East Germany's food problem was the result of "a smaller harvest than in 1960 due to particularly unfavorable weather conditions." But this excuse hardly convinced many East Germans who knew that neighboring Poland, with similar weather, produced record crops in 1961. The real difference: Poland had soft-pedaled collectivization, permitted the farmers to till their own land; Ulbricht's regime, on the other hand, was still trying to force an unwilling peasantry to work in a harsh collective farm system.

By failing to produce, the peasants in effect were voting against Ulbricht with

their plows, just as the masses of escaping East Germans (3,500,000, or 20% of the population since 1945) had voted against him with their feet. The Berlin Wall has sharply curbed but not entirely halted the exodus from East Germany: about 1,500 a month still manage to flee. Ulbricht publicly admitted last week that the purpose of the Wall had been to halt the flight and its debilitating effects on the East German economy. In a revealing year-end article in Moscow's *Pravda*, he tried to put all the blame on Western intrigue. "There were considerable difficulties in the education of young intelligentsia from the ranks of the working class," he wrote. "West German firms deliberately recruited such specialists . . . Some citizens thought crossing the border between the German Democratic Republic and West Germany was just like going from one Germany to another. But in fact they were escaping from the socialist camp to the imperialist camp. It cost us more than 30 billion marks . . . almost 10% of the national income for 1961."

Ulbricht claimed a 1961 increase of industrial production of 6.2%, but West German economists refused to believe the figure, were sure that East Germany at best had held its own.

This Way Out. The state of East Germany's morale could not be expressed in statistics, but there was one particularly grim set of figures: in the last week of 1961, an average of 47 East Berliners committed suicide each day, against the September rate of 25 to 30 and the average of only one a day before the Wall went up.

According to hopeful rumors and guesses, the Russians were about ready to abandon old *Spitzbart* (pointed beard), who is hated for his brutal methods and slavish subservience to Moscow, and replace him with someone more palatable.

Runs the argument: now that the Wall is up to prevent major population leakage, Moscow might well be prepared to strengthen its satellite by trying a softer approach with the stubborn, restive East German people. Ulbricht's party organ, *Neues Deutschland*, noted the rumors of a Khrushchev-Ulbricht rift by elaborately denying it.

Meanwhile, a Western intelligence officer summarized: "All the characteristics for a general uprising are present in East Germany—just as much as they were there in 1953. But there isn't going to be an uprising because of the presence of Soviet troops, because of the fact that 1953 failed, and because East Germans know that the West, which did nothing about Hungary or the Wall, cannot help them."

KENYA

Social Note

During his meteoric rise in Kenya's black nationalist movement, moon-faced Tom Mboya, 31, has taken two wives, both of them in the simple tribal custom that permits any marriage to be dissolved whenever the partners decide to separate. Neither union worked, but last week he announced that he would take another stab at matrimony. This time the marriage would take place on a more permanent basis—in the Roman Catholic Church, to which Mboya has belonged ever since his childhood days in Catholic mission schools.

Bride-to-be is Pamela Odede B.A. (as the wedding invitations call her), a recent scholarship graduate of Western College in Oxford, Ohio. Along with the willowy, ebony-skinned bride of 23, the young trade-union boss will acquire added political prestige, for Pamela is the daughter of Walter Odede, for years a prominent

African nationalist and close associate of the revered Jomo Kenyatta.

In the local tradition, it is Mboya who must pay a dowry for Pamela's hand, and Father Odede decided that 16 cows was about the right price. "It would have been twelve if I had been kind, or 24 if I had been harsh," he declared, adding reflectively, "No woman is worth more than 24 cattle."

WESTERN SAMOA

Coming of Age

The happy-go-lucky Polynesians on the lush tropical islands of Western Samoa give their children imaginative names—*Falesiva* (Dance Hall), *Vaalele* (Flying Boat), *Ohisenep* (Oxygen). Last week many proud new parents celebrated the greatest event in Western Samoa's history by christening their infants *Tutoatua*—Independence.

A tiny (1,130 sq. mi.), four-island group with a population of only 113,500, Western Samoa[®] is the first independent Polynesian state, the world's newest nation, and one of the few to achieve independence amid total serenity. Into the capital of Apia (pop. 26,000) for the five-day freedom celebrations poured crowds of Samoans and scores of foreign dignitaries. A special commemoration service was held for Western Samoa's revered, onetime resident, Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived out his last consumptive years in the islands. Also on hand were Tupua Tamasene and Malietoa Tanumafili II, two of Western Samoa's paramount chiefs, who will jointly serve as head of state until they die. After their deaths, the 45-man legislature will elect a single head of state for a five-year term.

On New Year's Day in Apia, Western Samoa's new flag—a Southern Cross on a red and blue field—was run up the pole, and a 19-gun salute rang out. But not a single gun was fired; since the few ancient artillery pieces in Apia were unsafe, police simulated the salute by exploding 19 charges of gelignite buried in the sand.

Once a German colony, the Western Samoa islands at the end of World War I were mandated by the League of Nations to New Zealand, which at first harshly suppressed all independence movements, but since World War II systematically prepared the Samoans for independence. New Zealand has promised to bulwark Western Samoa's copra, cocoa and banana economy for three years, will train teachers for the island's educational program. With no army, no political parties, and no traffic jams, Western Samoa has little concern for the world beyond its shores. As proof, it committed the ultimate heresy in the eyes of other newly independent nations anxious for an immediate voice in the great-power struggles: it announced that it would not immediately seek membership in the U.N.

[®] In nearby American Samoa, administered by the U.S., Anthropologist Margaret Mead gathered material for her famous work, *Coming of Age in Samoa*.



MBOYA & FIANCÉE

"No woman is worth more than 24 cattle."



Will you leave these freedoms to your children?

Men have died to leave you these 4 symbols of freedom:

A Holy Bible—symbol of your right to worship as you wish.

(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

A door key—your right to lock your door against illegal government force and prying.

(Fourth Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

A pencil—freedom to speak or write what you think, whether you agree with the government or not.

(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

And a free ballot—your right to choose the people who represent you in government—your protection against government tyranny.

(Article I, U. S. Constitution)

In half the world today, these symbols and the things they stand for have been destroyed.

And Khrushchev says it can happen here. He boasts that our grandchildren will live under socialism.

Unthinkable? Yes—but only so long as America guards its freedoms well. Against threats that come from *inside* our country, as well as from the outside.

In these critical times you would think that all of America's energies and financial resources should be concentrated on strengthening our country's defense.

But there are some people who

would weaken this effort through needless government spending. For example, they want to use billions of your tax dollars to put the government *deeper* into the electric power business.

Such spending is unnecessary because the *investor-owned* electric light and power companies can supply all the additional power a growing America will need.

Each time the government moves further into business—any business—it is another step on the road to socialism. And socialism is one thing Americans do *not* mean to leave to their children—or grandchildren, despite what Khrushchev says.

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THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Back in the Family

After 16 months of lonely quarantine, the Dominican Republic last week was welcomed back into the hemisphere's family of nations. Meeting in its marbled Washington headquarters, the Organization of American States voted 20 to 0 (Cuba abstaining) to lift the diplomatic boycott and partial trade embargo applied to late Dictator Rafael Trujillo's Caribbean fief.

Originally imposed as punishment for Trujillo's attempt to assassinate Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt, the sanctions were retained after the dictator's own assassination—as a warning to his successors against a new dictatorship. But after months of cliff-hanging crisis, the troubled country seems on the way to its first democratic government in 32 years. Last week a Swiss-style council of state, composed largely of anti-Trujillo business and professional men, was installed to govern the nation until free elections promised for next December. Trujillo's holdover President, Joaquín Balaguer, will turn over chief-executive duties to the council's designated president, Rafael Filiberto Bonnelly, 57, a lawyer who, like almost everyone else of prominence in the Dominican Republic, served Trujillo at one time, but broke with him and helped organize the powerful opposition National Civic Union. One of the council's first actions: to fire Trujillo's diplomat-playboy and onetime son-in-law, 52-year-old Porfirio Rubirosa ("I have loved, and been loved by, some of the world's most beautiful women") from his \$36,000-a-year post as the "inspector of embassies."

The U.S., which has worked hard for the peaceful transition of power, resumed diplomatic relations and prepared to unhook an outpouring of economic aid. To pump new life into the Dominican economy, which was bled white by the treasury-losing Trujillo clan, the U.S. will resume its purchases of Dominican sugar at the premium price of 5½¢ per pound, vs. 2½¢ on the world market, and will assign the Dominican Republic a part of Cuba's former sugar quota. Sugar alone should add \$55 million to the Dominican economy this year. Equally important, the misery-ridden land is now eligible to share in the Alliance for Progress. The day the OAS lifted its sanctions, the White House announced that an Alliance "task force" headed by Teodoro Moscoso, Latin American director of A.I.D., will speed to Santo Domingo (once Ciudad Trujillo) to reckon up the national dollar needs for recovery.

CUBA

Tropical Red Square

The weather was balmy, and in Russia no one would be wearing U.S. Army-style combat fatigues. But otherwise, Cuba's third anniversary celebration of Fidel Castro's rise to power might have taken place in Moscow's Red Square. Mounting his own version of Lenin's tomb—the José Martí monument in Havana's Plaza de la Revolución—Castro and his Cuban commissars proudly reviewed the crack units of a Communist-trained, Communist-supplied military machine that is big-



CASTRO'S ANNIVERSARY PARADE
And supersonic doves of peace.

ger than that of any Western Hemisphere country except the U.S.

As a crowd of 500,000 Cubans looked on, 18 Soviet-built MIG-17s plus three supersonic MIG-19s thundered over the reviewing stand. One MIG cracked the sound barrier with a thunderclapping boom. Below, past 100-ft.-high pictures of Castro, Lenin and Picasso's peace dove, the ground forces paraded to the strains of the Communist *Internationale*—artillery with radar-aiming devices, multiple rocket launchers, double-barrelled anti-aircraft guns and Soviet 51-ton tanks.

The military parade took 80 minutes to pass, and then it was time for the speech. Raising his voice to his high oratorical pitch, Castro cried again that he was a Communist ("We reaffirm that we are Marxist-Leninists"), bitterly attacked the U.S. ("repugnantly shameful, criminal, odious") and Colombia's Lleras Camargo ("that bilious character") for leading the diplomatic moves against him. But his

real message seemed to be to those Latin American nations who might be wondering about his own intentions. Castro swore that his new arms were not for export, and in the favorite nobody-here-but-us-chickens rhetoric of Communism added: "We know that only the peoples themselves can carry out revolutions. We know that this is an hour of great decisions in America."

One great decision evidently much on Castro's mind was the decision to be taken Jan. 22 by the OAS: whether to invoke sanctions against him. To counter the conference, Castro decreed that "on

Jan. 22 we are going to convoke the second national general assembly of the people of Cuba. It will be the most gigantic act of the revolution and of the people." Castro apparently intends to demonstrate to Latin America that so long as he can assemble great crowds to shout slogans in unison, why in the world would anyone want free elections?

COMMERCE

A Latin Common Market

The experts smiled skeptically two years ago when a U.N. economist, Argentine-born Raúl Prebisch, got six Latin American nations to talking about forming a common market. That kind of thing was all right for a well-developed Europe, they said, but backward Latin nations were too accustomed to protecting national industries with high tariff walls. And since a major slice of every government's revenue came from import and export duties, they could hardly be expected to agree on mutual tariff cutbacks. But last week seven Latin nations[®] brought their common market to life by simultaneously cutting tariffs against one another on 2,500 items of trade.

Actually, Latin American countries are not generally one another's best customers. In the past four years, the 20 nations' trade with one another has slipped between 5% and 10%. Europe bought 30% of Latin American exports before forming its own economic union, and Latin American nations now fear that Common Market nations will give increased preference to goods from the African nations, with which they have close ties. In Uruguay in February 1960, the seven nations signed a treaty to form the Latin American Free Trade Association, and agreed to eliminate all tariffs between members within twelve years at a minimum yearly rate of 8%.

Last September they began a three-month meeting to work out the initial reductions on everything from lemons to

[®] Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Paraguay, Peru and Uruguay.

razor blades and burlap. When the agreements were averaged out, they amounted to 27%, instead of the treaty-set minimum of 8%. At next August's meeting, the cuts may go deeper. Already two more nations—Ecuador and Colombia—have asked to join, and by August, the Latin American common market should include 86% of Latin America's territory, 81% of its population, more than 70% of its gross product, and 66% of its total trade.

CANADA

Fresh Trade Winds

Bundled against the Canadian chill, Britain's "Minister for Europe," Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath, flew into Ottawa last week to hatten down some Commonwealth hatches before Britain sails into the European Common Market. After the usual pleasantries in the airport VIP lounge, a newsman pushed a microphone at Heath: "Just say that you've come to assuage Canadian anxiety."

The statement, half question, half demand, was a reflection of Canada's present unsettled mood and its concern for its economic future. As a relatively underpopulated (18 million) young nation with vast natural resources, Canada must trade to grow, and Britain's prospective entry into the Common Market, perhaps bringing an end to its cozy Commonwealth tariff preferences, is a source of anxiety. How deep the anxiety goes was indicated last fall at the Commonwealth conference in Ghana, where a Canadian Cabinet minister bluntly warned the British that their Common Market entry "could weaken the Commonwealth to a point where it exists in name only."

From Thorns to Roses. Canada's doubts about what lies ahead are all the sharper for the good times of the moment. Having just weathered a considerable recession, Canada is enjoying a substantial comeback. Going into the new year, gross national product is clipping along at a record \$36.8 billion annual rate, and unemployment, which hit an icy 11.3% last winter, has thawed to a more livable 5.4%. Steel, autos, housing, oil and gas production are all strong. Most spectacular of all in the upturn is foreign trade—the very issue that stirs all the debate.

Exports last year gained 7½% (to a record \$5.8 billion), and by holding down imports, Canada enjoyed its first merchandise trade surplus since 1956. Trade and Commerce Minister George Hees, who likes to wear gold cufflinks (initialled G.O.Y.B.S.A.S., meaning "Get Off Your Back Side And Sell"), sent his tradesmen to cultivate markets wherever they could find them. Canadian sales to Eastern Europe are up 90%, to Latin America 36%, to Asia a muscular 61% (to \$312 million). Biggest Asian customer is famine-struck Red China, which has engaged to buy \$425.6 million worth of Canadian grain over the next 2½ years. Canada's qualms in the matter are more economic than ideological, turning on the Communists' ability to pay. But on terms of 25% down, the rest in nine months, Canada

already had \$83.2 Red millions in the till at year's end.

Some of Canada's new partners, particularly Red China, seem chancy for the long haul. And big gains in new markets obscure losses in the old: Canada's sales to its Nos. 1 and 2 customers, the U.S. and Britain, are off 3%. Canada has slipped in rank since 1954 from the world's third trading nation (after the U.S. and Britain) to fifth (behind West Germany and France, as well).

Get Out & Sell. The loss of Commonwealth preference is painful to contemplate: economists estimate that fully two-thirds of Canada's \$915 million yearly sales to Britain will be seriously affected by Britain's entry into the Common Market. Canada's initial response was to threaten Britain, just as during last winter's recession it had lashed out strongly



TRADE MINISTER HEES
G.O.Y.B.S.A.S!

ly with complaints about U.S. economic domination. But some of this mood of economic nationalism is fading. Many Canadian businessmen realize that the days of protective family arrangements are numbered. The new call is for Canada to stop worrying and start competing in freer world trade—or in Hees's cruder words, to get off its backside and sell.

In Ottawa last week, Britain's Common Market Negotiator Heath assured Canada that Britain would do all possible to safeguard Commonwealth interests. Next to pressing the British to drive a hard bargain in Europe, Canada's high hopes are riding with the U.S. Canadians see great possibilities in President Kennedy's appeal to Congress to lower U.S. tariffs in order to obtain matching reductions in the Common Market wall. If Kennedy succeeds, Canada hopes to work out similar arrangements. The alternative is posed by Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce President Neil J. McKinnon: "If we find it impossible to come to satisfactory terms with the European Economic Community, then we should certainly explore the possibilities of more intimate trade agreements with the United States."

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HOUSTON — Opening May



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PEOPLE

Meeting over the hardware at a Milwaukee banquet honoring them as the Associated Press's athletes of the year were **Wilma Rudolph Ward**, 21, the world's speediest woman, and **Roger Maris**, 27, HR 61. Roger was reportedly busy haggling for a 100% pay boost; Wilma, just married to a Tennessee State schoolmate, seemed intent on homemaking ("Most of the Russian women runners in the last Olympics had two or three children, and that didn't bother them").

Amidst the brocade and crystal furnishings of Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel, Pioneer Modern Architect **Walter Gropius**, 78, stood up to receive the second Kaufmann International Design Award, a tax-free \$20,000, for his "achievement in design education" while founder and director of Germany's austere functional Bauhaus. Gropius cast a wary glance at most modern buildings, said, "It seems completely futile to inject quality into buildings and goods which are created only for their short entertainment value." What was needed in the U.S., said Gropius, was a movement like Britain's "Anti-Uglies," irate architecture buffs who recently forced withdrawal of plans for an off-ending office building on London's Piccadilly Circus.

With a curtsy to the newly garment-conscious District of Columbia, the New York Couture Group again crowned **Jacqueline Kennedy** as the best-dressed woman in the world, and for the first time welcomed into its top twelve her sister, **Princess Stanislas Radziwill**, and her Palm Beach-Manhattan shopping consort, **Mrs. Charles Wrightsman**. Among repeaters from last year was Thailand's



WILMA & ROGER
All the way home.

Queen Sirikit, who moved a lovely leg up a rung toward the poll's Fashion Hall of Fame—the Olympus of three-time winners entered last week by boyishly elegant Actress **Audrey Hepburn** and Mrs. **Norman Winston**, the part Cherokee Indian, Paris-based wife of the international real estate dealer.

His restlessness worsening along with his press notices (latest from London's *Sunday Express*: "Princess Margaret and



QUEEN SIRIKIT
Up with the lovely.

Lord Snowdon leave for a holiday in the West Indies to recover from the strain of their almost workless year", ex-Photographer Anthony Armstrong-Jones signed on with London's *Sunday Times* as "artistic adviser" and occasional cameraman—at an undisclosed salary. Insisted his new editor: "It is a real job of work."

At the Soviet's annual New Year's bash in the Kremlin, convivial Cosmonaut **Yuri Gagarin**, 27, buttonholed the ornament of the U.S. embassy, vivacious **Jane Thompson**, 41, and proposed, "How would you like to go into orbit with me?" Responded the lissome wife of Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson: "Why, I'd be frightened to death. Besides," she added smoothly, "I'm not in training."

Seeing in his 86th birthday with a flute of champagne, West German Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer** received a baroque stone bench from the man perennially most likely to succeed him. Toasted Vice Chancellor **Ludwig Erhard**, eliciting a faint smile and a wag of *der Alte's* steady old finger: "In order to forestall any bad jokes, I should say that this gift is not for use in retirement but for your relaxation."

Scandalously deserting Britain's halloved Hastings international congress at mid-tournament, the U.S.'s dogged, dazzling women's chess champion, **Lisa Lane**, 24, alibied, "I felt homesick, and besides that, I am in love." With whom? Mooned she mysteriously: "I am not engaged. I am just in love." But next day the once-divorced Lisa admitted that her white knight was *American Weekly* Reporter **Neil Hickey** (who had written a smitten profile of her two years ago), added, "I am discussing only my own feelings and cannot speak for him." Hickey's feelings: "The story is ridiculous."



LISA LANE
Along with the knight.



WALTER GROPIUS
Down with the ugly.



How fast is fast, these days?

FAST THESE DAYS, for most people, is about 600 mph in a modern jet.

Last year, some 25 million people really went places at that speed. Some 4 million whisked across the Atlantic in 6½ hours. (If you're interested, Columbus did it in 1,734 hours.) Another 4 million flew across the American continent in 6 hours.

On Braniff, we flew our share of these gadabouts over several jet routes: Chicago to Dallas, Minneapolis/St. Paul to Mexico City, and the like. One of them, New York to Buenos Aires, is 5,297 miles—farther than New York to Moscow, but just over 13 hours of flying time.

Man, the slouppoke

The interesting thing about all this is the speed with which it came about. Assuming that *homo sapiens* has been developing for well over 8,000 years (and we like to count on several thousand more for him to keep up the good work), his success with speed has occurred in only 1/100th of the time he's had.

As late as 1880, the cheetah was still speed king among mammals. That noble animal was clocked at 70 mph, recently. We assume he could do the same in 1880, when men were able to sprint at 20, float in a balloon at 25 (if the wind was right) and ride a horse at 40. The railroads were coming up on the outside, however. In 1893, Engine 999 of the New York Central ate up a stretch of track near Batavia, N.Y., at 112.5 mph. Hail to the new king.

Enter 2 brothers, from the wings Then came Orville and Wilbur Wright in 1903. They weren't really speed demons—at Kitty Hawk, they flew 852 feet at only 9 mph—but they had the right idea.

To us, their plane looks like an

On the subject of speed: of planes, of sound, of progress...What's coming in the future—and how fast.

orange crate with a room fan in front. But planes got better and faster, quickly. When Braniff opened for business in 1928, five aeronauts (including crew) flew from Tulsa to Oklahoma City at a daring 90 mph. Not up to the railroads, but coming along.

In 1936, the Age of Speed got a boost from the appearance of the classic DC-3. Thousands of people began to get from here to there at 175 mph. Splendid and faster DC-4's, 6's and 7's followed.

Jet out of town

In the 40's, the British developed the prop-jet engine—a combination of the propeller principle and the jet principle. Newer, U.S.-built propjets, such as those Braniff flies, cruise at over 400 mph.

Remember: a plane with a cruising speed of 400 mph is scheduled at much less—so it will have reserve power to overcome headwinds and still arrive on time.

Then, in the 50's, came the pure jet, based on the startlingly simple notion that a stream of compressed air and gas, expanding, would give enough forward thrust to fly at great speeds. Interestingly, the faster a jet goes, the easier it is to produce more thrust. And the higher it goes, the less thrust it needs. Potential jet speeds are nearly unlimited. (One of our Braniff jets just happens to hold a speed record for commercial airliners—805 mph.)

The sound of music—how fast?

When airlines say they fly at "about" or "near" the speed of sound, they aren't trying to be vague. The problem is that sound goes at different speeds at different altitudes. 760 mph at sea level; 663 mph at 40,000 feet. (Much like a horse on different footings.) One would expect sound to travel faster, higher, where there is less resistance. Not at all. Sound needs something to go through. In air, the more the better.

Here comes the future

These days, Air Force jets breeze along at 1,500 mph with the greatest of ease. (At last look, the experimental X-15 was doing 4,093—fast enough to cross the continent in 36 minutes.) There's a sign-post for the future. In 20 years, we suspect it will be a commonplace to "beat the time zones"—leave, say, New York on a Braniff jet and arrive in Dallas before you took off, by the clock. (English grammar isn't ready for it, but we are.)

If 1,500 mph seems extreme, remember that we are already going 66,600 miles an hour—the earth's speed in orbit. Venus steps along at 78,400 miles an hour. Light at 186,000 miles per second. We have a long way to go!

Recently, we heard of a woman who phoned 1,000 miles on a Friday to suggest that her grandchildren fly out for the weekend. They did—and we think there will be more of that. What's more, we think more people all over the world should get around to see each other faster, more often. If they get around more often, they'll get along better.

We therefore salute our grandchildren, who will fly faster.

Reprints available. If you would like to see other messages, similar to this, please write us.

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EDUCATION

Choice Colleges

Where does a bright boy or girl want to go to college? Something prestigious? A school near a ski-slope? One of those "good, small" places? East? West? A huge, rich state university? Last week the National Merit Scholarship Corp. told what it had learned when it asked 21,000 high school senior boys and 14,000 girls, all in the top 2% of their classes, to name their choices. Results, in order, for boys: Harvard, M.I.T., Stanford, Cal Tech, Yale, University of California at Berkeley, Cornell, Princeton, Columbia, Rice. For girls: Stanford, Radcliffe, Cornell, Wellesley, California at Berkeley, University of Michigan, Duke, Smith, Barnard, Oberlin.



POTTER



WRIGHT



WOODWARD

With all the delicacy of a Chinese marriage broker.

The Faculty Raiders

The second-drawer engineering school at the University of Texas swelled with pride when it acquired a top-drawer man: the University of Illinois' Chemist William Bradley, a leading authority on the molecular structure of materials. Masking its joy, as is proper in academic circles, Texas sent out a routine press release announcing Bradley's appointment—and thereby left untold a typical tale of the great game of faculty raiding.

The plot to kidnap Bradley began three years ago, when Texas heard on the academic grapevine that middle-aged Chemist Bradley wanted the help of a bright young scientist to complement his own work. Texas began to look. It soon learned that Bradley admired a young specialist in crystallography, Dr. Hugo Steinfink, then working for an oil company in Houston. Steinfink was lured to the Texas campus in 1960 with the promise of unlimited freedom and such research tools as a \$30,000 refractometer. The presence of Steinfink hooked Bradley, and the deal was clinched with a new, \$4,000,000, eight-story laboratory.

Last week, at the peak of the hiring season for the next academic year, 1962-

63, most faculty deals were being carried out on the beginner level, as graduate students flocked to the holiday meetings of learned societies to be interviewed by cool-eyed professors in "the slave market." But once on a faculty, teachers are free to wheel and deal in a world where Chips have fallen and sharp young men in Brown Tweed Suits thrive on perpetual opportunity. Compared with the C.O.D. wooing of baseball players, or even with the corporate kidnaping of business executives, the art of hiring professors is so subtle, so roundabout, that it requires the delicacy of a Chinese marriage broker.

Sleef in Chicago? In Academe, the cardinal sin is open talk about jobs. One never seeks; one is sought. Mostly, this means a labyrinthine feeling-out between

men in the same field at different campuses. The nuances are endless. When a dean in sunny Texas asks on the phone, "Is it still sleefing in Chicago?", he may be implying a full-scale job offer. Or he may not; a major gaucherie, of course, is for a professor to react to a feeler that wasn't there.

Faculty salaries average \$7,330, can hit \$25,000. But money counts less than prestige, the good opinion of peers. Hence every job switch must somehow constitute a rise in status. Even when a university has been shunted off to a teachers' college, he is credited with gaining "more security and more leisure." In contrast, a star scholar lives on solid achievement, and fears "peaking out" after his big work is done; recruiters therefore try to "catch him as soon as he gets itchy"—that is, with an offer that can lead to new triumphs of research or scholarship.

Unhappily, an old star's new glow may also burn out as soon as he gets tenure. A common product of hasty hiring, the "deadwood" scholar is a total loss and a horselaugh on the great game of faculty raiding. This is why Harvard, still relatively uncashed in the hiring battle, takes one full year for an Olympian look at a professor before employing him.

Three-Way Trade. Sometimes the fish bait the hook himself. While working in Washington on the U.S. budget, for example, Harvard Economist X runs into Minnesota Economist Y, who reports that Stanford Economist Z is sick of "dull" Palo Alto. Presto, X is on the phone to a close Yale friend, who jumps at the chance to sabotage those "upstart Californians." Yale grabs Stanford's Z—precisely what Z himself hoped for when he told Minnesota's Y his troubles. In return, thin-blooded Y may well quit frosty Minnesota to take over Z's job at sunny Stanford. Both Y and Z knew, of course, that Stanford would not tempt X, who is quite happy working for Harvard because it allows him to spend most of his time in Washington.

More often, the job seeks the man. Says U.C.L.A.'s Vice Chancellor Foster Sherwood: "The man you want is never in the market." Sherwood, whose burgeoning campus needs 100 new faculty members next fall, is spending thousands building the labs and libraries that scholars find irresistible.

U.C.L.A.'s northern rival, Berkeley, got famous that way, starting the vast go-West movement that now has thoroughbreds galloping out of famed stables all over the East. But not all the traffic goes West. Last week Brown triumphantly made off with Berkeley's Historian Carl Bridenbaugh, president of the American Historical Association. Yale exults in such recent California catches as Berkeley's Microbiologist Edward Adelberg and Stanford's husband-and-wife Historians (China) Arthur and Mary Wright (he got a new Yale chair; she became the first woman tenure-holder on Yale's liberal-arts faculty). On the other hand, Stanford got Yale's Historian David Potter. To replace Potter, Yale snagged Johns Hopkins' twilight Historian C. Vann Woodward, whose terms were a blue-ribbon chair and a year's leave of absence with pay before he ever reaches New Haven.

Free Thought in Nigeria

"The moment we all become gentlemen, this country is dead," says Nigerian Schoolmaster Tai Solarin. As founder of the Mayflower School in Ikenne, Western Nigeria, he is dedicated to destroying the educated Nigerian's British-bred notion that the ideal product of education is a black gentleman in a white collar.

When his first 70 boys arrived five years ago, Solarin told them to start building the school with their own hands. They were startled, but Solarin's infectious enthusiasm got them hewing and hauling. From a one-room hut, Mayflower by last week had grown to 35 white-washed buildings with 400 primary and secondary students.⁶

Headmaster Solarin, who is about 40 (he does not know his exact age), grew up in a family of Methodists. He taught in mission schools, flew as a navigator in

⁶ Out of more than 3,200,000 such students in Nigeria (pop. 36 million), Africa's best-schooled new nation.

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SHEILA & TAI SOLARIN
No black gentlemen in white collar.

the R.A.F. in World War II, earned degrees at the universities of Manchester and London. Soon after he returned home in 1952 with an English wife, Solarin was in trouble. As principal of a boys' secondary school, he was expected to cane boys for failure to attend church. He refused and quit his job.

With the Pilgrims in mind, Solarin hied off to the bush to start Mayflower School. Until the boys finished the first housing, the Solarins slept on the schoolroom floor and the boys on the school porch. Since then each new class has built its own dormitory. Also blossoming is academic quality: Mayflower is one of the few schools in Nigeria that make biology, chemistry and physics compulsory. And now the students include girls—an innovation in Nigeria, where women rarely go beyond primary school.

Mayflower is luring not only students—last fall it had 2,400 applicants for 70 places—but also eager foreign helpers. Now on hand are a New Zealand woman teacher of English and French, a young Philadelphia metallurgist who showed up with his wife last fall to teach physics, and a Peace Corps teacher of chemistry and biology. David Schmidt, a Swiss farmer, got so fascinated with Mayflower three years ago that he rented his farm, packed up his wife and four children, now works from sunup to sundown—without pay—making bricks. "When they saw Mr. Schmidt take off his shirt and go to work," recalls happy Headmaster Solarin, "the boys were staggered."

Solarin is sure that his helpers' work is not in vain. "Our mission is clear," says he. "It's to foster absolute freedom of thought in Nigeria. And we don't intend to turn out any gentlemen."

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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

Green Light for New York?

Shortly after New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner swore in his new traffic commissioner last week, the newcomer told the mayor: "You'd better hold onto your hat. You're in for a shock. I can guarantee you're gonna see things you never saw go on around here before."

The man making these spacious claims is Henry A. Barnes, 55, one of the best traffic engineers in the nation. He has to be, for as any native (or visitor) will testify, New York City traffic is really something. Never one to underestimate his worth, Hank Barnes demanded a \$30,000-a-year salary and a free hand before he would accept the job. He settled for \$27,500 and—he says—the free hand.

Scramble Plan. Barnes broke in, appropriately, in Flint, Mich., a city that over the years has produced 11,197,000 cars. In 1947 he was called to Denver. In his first four years, he installed 30,000 traffic-direction signs along Denver streets, cut down big street-corner trees to improve visibility at intersections, roiled taxpayers, drove some motorists into paroxysms of fury by putting in one-way streets ("Look, sonny," bawled one oldtimer to a cop who stopped him, "I've been driving this way on this street for 20 years, and no traffic engineer is going to stop me now!"). On downtown street corners, Barnes instituted the scramble plan (first tried in Vancouver, B.C. in the late '30s), in which all traffic lights turn red and the pedestrians are permitted to cross every which way till the lights switch back to normal red-and-green sequence. The plan was instantly labeled "Barnes's Dance," but it worked.

Biggest Jam. By 1953 Denverites were proud of Barnes and reluctantly let him go when Baltimore asked him to take on its spectacular traffic problems. There he set up intricate communications systems to help in spotting troubles. A sharp troubleshooter himself, he frequently got into his car and told his driver: "Go find me the biggest jam there is going on in town right now." Once there, Barnes doped out improvements or corrections on the spot. "I never saw a traffic snarl yet that you couldn't do something to remedy," he says.

Often he rode incognito in taxicabs just to tune in on hackies' grumbles. "When the gripes are scattered around," he says, "things are going O.K.; it's when the cab drivers all complain about the same thing that you know something is wrong." He clocked 30,000 miles a year in his car, was on hand at every four-or-more-alarm fire in the city to quarterback traffic control ("anything that obstructs traffic is our concern"). He installed an elaborate electronic control system, which enabled him to play the city's traffic lights like a color organ, speeding traffic flow in one direction or another to cope with rush-hour jams and special congestion, e.g., around

the baseball stadium on game days.

A cigar chomper with a penchant for corny office signs (he has a "Panic Button" near his desk, and a sign that reads ARE YOU HERE WITH THE SOLUTION, OR ARE YOU PART OF THE PROBLEM?), Hank Barnes has already told the New York City traffic department that he will require both a day and a night driver for at least the next six months.

In all likelihood, Barnes will also get the city to sink a lot of money into an electronic-brain control system, which scans traffic flow by radar and switches street signals accordingly. Barnes likes



FRANCIS DI GENARO

COMMISSIONER BARNES

Let the great metropolis get ready for a Barnes dance.

and the Jeep stopped. He aimed a long-lens camera out to sea as the eyes of his companions followed. One man fumbled with a fowling piece, then dropped it when the leader mumbled something. Another scribbled on a tiny note pad.

These people were birders—a flinty-eyed, cold-tailed breed whose normal habitat covers just about every square mile of land in the U.S. They nest and feed very much as humans do, but at around the turn of the calendar every winter, they roost in icy swamps, deep forests, river and creek shores, arriving there usually in predawn darkness, armed with cameras, binoculars, telescopes, field guides and silence. They are a kind of *rara avis* whose purpose it is to count birds and



JAMES RAVALLINES—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

MANHATTAN TRAFFIC

well-marked lanes. When he wants one, he creates it right away with improvised dividers made out of used paint cans; markings and concrete follow later on. He is also a stickler for overhead traffic signals for every lane (and not just every street corner).

Says Barnes: "Basically, New York's problems are the same as any other city's; they're just bigger." Then he smiles, shifts his cigar from corner to corner, and barks: "Think of it: the biggest city in the world, and not one radar-actuated traffic signal! Oh, there's going to be changes, all right!"

RECREATION

Raræ Aves

Sand and a fine salt spray sliced into the open Jeep, and the driver and three passengers scootched deeper into their parkas. A voice cried "Onward!" And the Jeep scuffed up Cape Cod's North Beach. The leader's black-gloved hand shot up,

species of birds, with the emphasis, of course, on the *rara avis*.

Noted Specimens. Acknowledged elder statesman of the count is Charles H. Rogers, 74, curator at Princeton University's Zoology Museum, who has turned out for every Christmas bird census since the first one in 1900. But the vast majority of birders are not professional ornithologists but eager amateurs, who have found birding a challenging and relaxing hobby. Among them are such noted specimens as retired Air Force General Carl ("Toony") Spaatz, Columnist Walter Lippmann, Author Rachel (*The Sea Around Us*) Carson, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Alfred Barr, director of collections at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

On any day of the week, at any time of the year, such dedicated birders journey out to the woods, thickets and swamps with binoculars at the ready. Their aim is simple: to enjoy the pure outdoorsy fun

of spotting birds. The rarer the find, the prouder the birder, who rushes to seek out the nearest fellow birdsmen to report his triumph. Most of these birders are among the 235,000 members of Audubon societies, which this year sent out about 10,000 people in platoons to take the 1961 bird census in 50 states. Each group covered a specific sector with a 15-mile diameter. It was no lark. In many cases, birders have to photograph rare specimens to get credit for them, and in some instances, extremely rare finds are shot down to prove the sighting. In this fashion, naturalists keep track of the ups and downs among various species in the bird population.

On Cape Cod, birders chalked up two Razor-Billed Auks, six Ring-Necked Ducks, one Barrow's Golden-Eye, a rare, deep-Arctic male King Eider, two Clapper Rails, a Yellow-Breasted Chat, and an unprecedented 25 Pine Grosbeaks. In Cocoa, Fla., Veteran Birder Allan Cruickshank, one of the nation's foremost experts, claimed a record 191 species for his group, including the Fulvous Tree-Duck and two Brewer's Blackbirds.

Juncos & Jaegers. In San Francisco, a seventh-grader named Arthur Wang found a stray Slate-Colored Junco (rarely seen west of the Sierras), while elsewhere in the bay area his colleagues registered the Hermit Phoebe, the Pomarine Jaeger, the Eastern Warbler and the Saw-Whet Owl. From Oahu, Hawaii, a dedicated birder named Grenville Hatch reported sightings by her group of 500 Red-Footed Boobies, 452 Frigate-Birds, 433 Arctic Golden Plovers and one Long-Billed Dowitcher.

Early reports indicated that this year's totals would top last year's census of 52 million birds and 506 species. As always, however, there would be some disappointments. Los Angeles, for example, failed for the third straight year to find a Bald Eagle. And in Hawaii, neither Devotee Grenville Hatch nor any of her fellow birders spied a Nukupuu or a Puaiohi, or an O'u, or even the shy, honey-eating O'u.

FASHION

The Living End

For years, skiing was a sport for sunburned huskies in low-slung plus fours and a handful of hardy girls willing to bundle up like a G.I. blanket roll. Now the whole shape of skiing has been changed by a trim, cozy and inordinately sexy import from Germany: stretch pants. Many a girl who did not know a slalom from a sitmark has discovered that stretch pants round out her personality in a fetching manner and make a skiing weekend an opportunity rather than an ordeal; men linger on the trails to see rather than ski as the girls in the stretch pants schuss by. Says one spectator sportsman: "The development of stretch pants is really more important than the discovery of the ski."

Schiaparelli of the stretch pants is snow-haired Maria Bogner, 47, stunning wife of former German Olympic Ski Star Willy Bogner. In 1950, after Bogner's re-



MARIA IN STRETCHES
"Now there's a nice pair of Bogners."

lease as a prisoner of war (he had been an SS lieutenant). Willy and Maria bought a small factory just south of Munich, started making and selling sportswear. One day a salesman arrived with a bolt of a Swiss-patented kink-nylon and wool-yarn fabric called Helanca. It stretched up, down and sideways, then sprang miraculously back into shape. Maria ordered some and set about turning it into ski pants. Still svelte, she created a minor sensation wherever she appeared in her new stretch pants. Next year the Bogners sold only 1,000 pairs of the pants, but have since stretched their output, last year sold more than 120,000 all over the world—many to clients who will never see a slope steeper than the spiral ramp of Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum.

Bogner pants are not cheap (prices run from about \$50 to \$60), and there are many cheaper imitations. But for every snow bunny from Squaw Valley to Stowe, a pair of Bogners is the basic status symbol. And Willy Bogner finds U.S. girls the best advertisement his stretch pants could have. Says he: "They are trimmer, you know. American girls are built like pears. European girls are like apples."

Despite Willy Bogner's generous views, not all U.S. girls are pear-shaped, and many an Ample Annie has packed herself into stretch pants only to find that she is courting disaster at every turn. Gasp one: "Every time I climb into my pants I have the feeling that somewhere the stretch is going to give; I'm afraid to sit down, and I just walk around like a mechanical soldier. The fellows don't realize that Bogners are really gigantic girdles. Last week I was dancing with a Dartmouth senior who kept ogling this blonde who could hardly move in her stretchies. 'Now there's a nice pair of Bogners,' he said. And I said to myself: 'Buster, you should see her trying to get out of them.'"

MEDICINE

Plan for the Aged

In the struggle between all-out proponents of federally financed health care for the aged and all-out opponents of any Government involvement, a third force emerged last week and offered a comprehensive middle-way plan. Meeting in Chicago, the American Hospital Association and the Blue Cross Association voted to support a new, nonprofit plan to be available to all Americans over 65. Subscribers would pay all or part of their premiums (\$10 to \$12 a month) in proportion to their incomes, and the Federal Government would pay part or all of the premiums for low-income oldersters.

Recent debate (TIME, July 7) over medical care for the aged has raged over two plans:

- The Kerr-Mills Act, implemented (or soon to be) in 38 states, provides federal funds to help localities pay hospital and nursing bills for the aged who are already on relief, plus aid for those who are not indigent until their resources are wiped out by medical catastrophes. Beneficiaries are expected soon to number 2,500,000.
- The Kennedy Administration's King-Anderson bill, through a hike in payroll taxes, would pay most hospital costs for 14 million old people under social security or railroad retirement plans, but fails to provide for 2,000,000 not thus covered.

To devise a plan of their own, the American Hospital Association (representing 5,464 of the nation's 6,876 hospitals) and the Blue Cross Association (representing 79 plans covering 57 million people) set up a task force under Blue Cross's hard-driving new president, Walter J. McNeerney, 36. Said McNeerney, a specialist in medical economics fresh from the University of Michigan faculty: "We feel the Government should supplement and strengthen our existing hospital programs rather than supplant them."

About one-quarter of the 16 million Americans over 65 already have some hospital-cost coverage through commercial insurance, and another third have it through Blue Cross. But no two Blue Cross plans are alike in premiums or benefits. What McNeerney proposed was, "for the first time in history, a uniform set of benefits on a nationwide basis," for all people over 65 regardless of their state of health. Main benefit would be as many as 70 days' hospitalization a year. As with most present Blue Cross plans, subscribers would get nothing toward doctors' bills.

To pay for this, said McNeerney, individuals with enough money should pay their own premiums. But he believes that for those who cannot pay their own premiums, Government help is the only alternative. The A.H.A. and the Blue Cross still flatly oppose the King-Anderson bill. Provided the plan is run as a nonprofit, voluntary, prepayment system, McNeerney said, "the tax source of the funds is of secondary importance to us."

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THE PRESS

Death in Los Angeles

Out of the dingy downtown headquarters of Hearst's Los Angeles morning *Examiner* stepped Managing Editor William A. Townes, 52. Suddenly he was trapped in the glare of television floodlights. Bill Stout, newscaster for Los Angeles station KTLA, had his microphone at the ready. Could Townes confirm persistent reports that the *Examiner* was about to die? No, said Townes, he could not. Then he added quietly: "I am sad because I believe the rumors are true."

Thus, the rival medium of TV plastered all over town the biggest Los Angeles newspaper story in more than a decade. By week's end, the whispers that had been circulating for months had turned into

fattened on ads, and a combination of ads and news seemed to be what Los Angeles newspaper readers wanted most. For the last five years, the *Times* has carried more ads than the city's three other papers combined, and has steadily improved its circulation edge on the *Examiner*.

Encouraged by its morning supremacy, the *Times* invaded the afternoon field in 1948 by founding the tabloid *Mirror*. The odds on survival seemed good. The Chandlers control a wealthy empire consisting of holdings in real estate, oil, timber, a paper mill, a vast cattle ranch, an insurance firm and Los Angeles television station KTTV. There were millions available to underpin their new paper in its deliberate campaign to wrest afternoon readership away from Hearst's *Herald-*



NORMAN CHANDLER ANNOUNCING THE END OF THE MIRROR
Unfortunately, the staffers were the chief mourners.

fact. Of the city's four newspapers, two had died: Hearst's morning *Examiner* (circ. 381,037) and Norman Chandler's afternoon *Mirror* (circ. 301,882). Chandler's big and powerful *Times* (548,702) was left with a valuable morning monopoly, and Hearst's flamboyant *Herald-Express* (393,215) had the afternoon field all to itself.

Losing Battles. On purely economic grounds, the disappearance of the *Examiner* and the *Mirror* could be called death from natural causes. Although the *Examiner* was one of the shinier links in the dwindling Hearst newspaper chain, it fought a losing battle for survival against the *Times*. Founded in 1903, when the late William Randolph Hearst still had millions to squander, the *Examiner* was a well-written, well-edited, brightly made-up paper. Its political reporting was probably the most balanced in California. During the 1940s, the *Examiner* was ahead of the *Times* in daily circulation. But the older, more conservative *Times*

Express, a flamboyant blend of blaring headlines, race results, and juicy sex and crime stories. Self-styled as an independent-Republican daily, the new *Mirror* contrasted sharply with the stout, dull *Times*. The *Mirror* gave the news a bright, if not particularly thorough, play, and after the paper switched to standard size in 1954, it continued to take on circulation. By 1958, it was edging up on the *Herald-Express* (319,000 to 341,000).

But the climb was costly. The Chandlers had sunk some \$20 million in what, for all its circulation growth, was still a losing proposition. Advertising income remained low, and after touching its 1958 circulation high water mark, the *Mirror* began to sink. Beginning in 1957, the Chandlers brought in a new editorial team, whose chief instructions were to cut costs on the *Mirror* and conduct a holding operation. The new management was not successful: of late, the *Mirror* has been losing money at the rate of \$2,000,000 a year.

A Driving Town. The disappearance of the *Mirror* and the *Examiner* brings to Los Angeles two dubious distinctions: of the five major population centers in the U.S., it is now the only one without directly competitive papers—and it is the largest U.S. city with only two metropolitan dailies. Part of the explanation lies in the quality of the Los Angeles press. The *Times* is now the best paper in town; it has a big staff, complete and often able local news coverage, and the security that comes with being a community habit. But it is not by chance that only 23 of 100 Angelenos buy a metropolitan daily, as against 48 per 100 in New York.

Much of the problem lies in the character of the sprawling megalopolis (454.9 sq. mi.), whose inhabitants commute by car—a habit not conducive to newspaper reading. Within Los Angeles County limits are 73 separate municipalities—many of them, e.g., Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, embedded inside the city of Los Angeles itself. A population explosion in the surrounding suburbs has emphasized the role of the county's suburban press, which fields 23 dailies, all of which compete with the big-city dailies for both readers and ads. In these communities, with their glittering, fast-growing shopping centers, local merchants are showing an increasing inclination to give their advertising to the local publisher—at the expense of the downtown dailies.

Small Complaint. The same obstacles confront both surviving Los Angeles papers. But of the two, Hearst is likely to run into more trouble. Although its afternoon paper has been pointedly renamed the *Herald-Examiner*, this cannot conceal the fact that William Randolph Hearst's cost-conscious successors have expediently submerged their superior Los Angeles possession, the *Examiner*, into their inferior product. Moreover, as an afternoon paper the *Herald-Examiner* is in direct competition with the suburban dailies, most of which are published in the afternoon. And it faces grave distribution problems that a morning paper, whose trucks roll in the quiet hours before dawn, avoids easily: to escape the ever increasing rush-hour freeway traffic, an afternoon paper in Los Angeles must go to press no later than noon—giving its staff little time to do more than warm up the news that has already been printed in the morning press.

But it is doubtful that Angelenos, who have never demanded an outstanding newspaper, will complain either about the loss of two papers or the caliber of the survivors. The chief mourners last week were the staffs of the two fundered dailies—400 on the *Mirror*, 1,000 on the *Examiner*—who, with scant notice, faced the bleak prospect of looking for other jobs in a diminished market. The Chandlers were ordering the dismissal of a handful of *Times* staffers to make room for the handful of *Mirror* people marked for salvage. Hearst hastily formed an "employment exchange" which was designed to land a few *Examiner* hands in slots elsewhere throughout the Hearst empire.



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AS WHEN HE STOOPS
TO HELP A BOY"

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THE THEATER

Poppun Salute

Marching bravely up behind two military-theme plays that were shot to bits earlier this season on Broadway, a second pair of dramas in uniform opened last week. Both proved to be armed with popguns.

The Captains and the Kings, loosely pegged on the career of the famed Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, departed after seven performances.

Something About a Soldier, by Ernest Kinoy, proved fitfully amusing, fitfully poignant, and fitfully provocative. It scouts out the sad-sack destiny of Jacob Epp, a private who looks "like a bloodshot owl" and talks like an IBM computer that has majored in sociology. Sal Mineo makes an appealing Epp, and Epp's captain, Kevin McCarthy, wins a Silver Star for acting sensitivity.

Ecstasies & Agonies

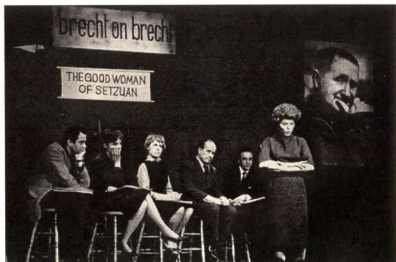
Brecht on Brecht. The phone is a coiled snake, and the woman (Viveca Lindfors) picks it up fatalistically, as if she had already been poisoned by its venom. Her manner is calm, but her voice is brittle with inner hysteria. She cancels a bridge date, calls off a movie date. The talk is bright and chatty, but these are not social calls. The woman is foreclosing her life.

She is Jewish. Her husband is an important German surgeon, and in Hitler's Germany, things have become "too difficult." She has decided to leave him "for a couple of weeks." Animatedly, she enacts a hypothetical farewell of heart-breaking reasonableness. All at once her mood tears soundlessly, and she sobs: "I love you." At the horrifying unfairness of it all she screams: "You are monsters, or bootlickers to monsters." Her husband (George Voskovec) appears. He is a bootlicker, an intellectual full of soothing self-

deceit. With shameful secret relief, he hustles his wife off to the waiting train and the dark night of the soul.

This scene from a full-length play, *The Private Life of the Master Race*, is a tessera in a jeweled mosaic arranged from the poems, songs, plays, letters and aphorisms of one of the 20th century's most remarkable playwrights, the late Bertolt Brecht. Put together with artful concern by George Tabori, perceptively directed by Gene Frankel, and acted with selfless intensity by a cast of six, *Brecht on Brecht* is an arresting example of off-beat off-Broadway. Close to stage rear, a portrait of Brecht peers out at the audience, eyes wily and skeptical, lips sealed in a self-mocking smile, peasant fingers clenched around a cigar—a complex blend of irony and passion. Brecht aimed his irony at the rich, the powerful, the complacent—and himself. He spent his passion on human suffering. Though he ended his days as an East German showpiece, Brecht's economic philosophy was little more than an emotional assent to Proudhon's "Property is theft."

Brecht is exciting because he found his own voice and knew how to use it. He loved reality more than realism. He could define the ecstasies and agonies of love, work, exile, hope, life and death in images of savage bite and lyrical beauty. Among the vivid images in *Brecht on Brecht*: Anne Jackson miming the simple glories of the world for her unborn son; Dane Clark doing an amusing Method depth-probe of which hat to wear for a four-minute part; Lotte Lenya conjuring up the ghostly, ghastly Berlin of the '20s and '30s in a raspy voice of tuneless authority. The *Brecht on Brecht* company of six actors is consistently bold, often astonishing, rarely commonplace. And doing Brecht at all is a salient rebuke to Broadway's timorous titans of trivia.



LENYA (THIRD FROM LEFT) & BRECHT CAST
In a rebuke to trivia.

HENRY GROSSMAN

LIFE

New Facts You Must Know
about Fallout:

THE DRIVE FOR MASS SHELTERS



New focus on nuclear attack: Now that the government pamphlet is out, everybody is talking about fallout shelters: governments, communities and citizens. The debate has many facets but experts now feel that community shelters offer a realistic approach to the problem of civilian protection. LIFE's cover story this week tells why and shows community shelters of various designs. In a clear and incisive accompanying article, Staff Writer Warren R. Young explains where fallout fits into the over-all picture of nuclear war. More important, it tells what we *don't* know but better soon find out. Don't miss this in-depth report on a vital issue of the day, in the new

LIFE



Elwood R. Quesada, President, Washington Senators: "LIFE leads and does not follow. When critical, it is constructive. Today our country needs, more than ever before, the qualities that characterize LIFE."



Shirley MacLaine, actress: "LIFE's handy new style is great for reading over someone's shoulder on a subway. Gee, I wish they had subways in L.A. I've had more near-accidents reading LIFE while driving."



James E. Day, President, Midwest Stock Exchange: "Today the public demands a sophisticated approach to news, and LIFE is so designed. This attunement to public wants is what makes a magazine great."

RELIGION

How to Get Gittin

Most marriages are ratified at a glowing religious ceremony, complete with flowers, white bridal gown, and organ chords from *Lohengrin*; most divorces are carried out in the dry, drab ritual of a civil court. But unlike Catholics and Protestants, Orthodox Jews have their own formal religious ceremony to sunder a marriage. Performing this seldom seen rite is the job of Manhattan's Beth Din (meaning court of justice), which last week completed its first full year of operation as the nation's most unusual divorce tribunal.

Organized by the Rabbinical Council of America, Beth Din is primarily concerned with providing *Gittin* (religious divorces) to Orthodox believers, although its services are available to Reform and Conservative Jews as well. Beth Din also conducts seminars for rabbis on the complexities of Jewish marriage law and rules on such peculiarly Jewish questions as whether a marriage can be voided because the witnesses did not keep the Sabbath or dietary laws.⁶

"To the Orthodox Jew," explains Rabbi Emanuel Rackman, 51, president of Beth Din, "a *Get* is a must. You can never tell when you're going to fall in love with an Orthodox Jew, and when that happens a civil divorce is not enough. You must also have a religious divorce." Rabbis can grant divorces, but this has led to abuses—for example, *Gittin* from improperly ordained rabbis turned out to be invalid.

Set up by a grant from Philanthropist Gustav Stern, a retired birdseed producer, Beth Din at first intended to take only divorces involving religious problems. But Beth Din's 25 rabbis soon found them-

selves dealing with marriages wrecked by psychological, sexual and economic difficulties as well. The court does what it can to shore up sagging marriages before agreeing to grant a *Get*—and does remarkably well. Of the 500 problem marriages handled by Beth Din in its first year, all but 5% were saved. Says Rabbi Rackman: "We have made some contribution to domestic tranquility."

If all else fails, Beth Din will go ahead with the *Get* ceremony, originally prescribed by Talmudic scholars of Biblical times. Three rabbis, a scribe and two witnesses are present with the estranged couple. In answer to the rabbis' questions, the couple give their names (in Hebrew), their parents' names, their residence, assurance that both husband and wife freely accede to the action. The scribe writes down the information in Aramaic on a piece of parchment, making sure that the decree comes out no longer than the twelve lines established by custom. When the scribe is finished, the document is handed to the husband, who gives it to the wife. A rabbi then tears the edges of the parchment, and the marriage is sundered. Cost: nothing for the poor, up to \$200 for those who can afford it. After that, the two have nothing to do but go get a civil divorce, for Beth Din's *Gittin* have no legal force in any U.S. court.

The Problem of Mary

The greatest obstacle to Christian reunion is the question of the authority of the Pope. But almost as difficult for Protestants to accept is the Roman Catholic cult of Mary, whom Catholics revere as their spiritual mother, able to intercede for them before God. Protestants generally reject the idea of the Immaculate Conception and of the Assumption

into heaven—both doctrines that have been made articles of faith for Catholics within the last 107 years. Last week, at the annual convention of the Mariological Society of America, a leading Catholic theologian warned that it was time for his church to give a clearer explanation of how such beliefs derive from the revelation of God.

Bone in the Throat. In these ecumenical times, argued Father Walter J. Burghardt, S.J., professor of patristic theology at the Jesuit Seminary in Woodstock, Md., theologians are obliged to look harder at the issues that divide Christians. "For the bone that sticks in the Protestant throat," he said, "is Scripture 1. dogma, the original message of salvation from the mouth of God and the promulgation of infallible propositions. It is this passage, this seemingly lyric leap from Scripture to dogma, and from dogma to dogma, that scandalizes the Protestant theologian."

Protestant theologians know that in Catholic belief (as in their own) the public revelation of God ended with the death of the last apostle. But Catholics now explicitly accept as dogma certain things that their forefathers did not. "For all his good will," says Burghardt, "the non-Catholic scholar does not see that any of the sacred authors speak of the Assumption of Our Lady, and yet the Assumption was declared revealed truth in 1950."

Thus the Catholic vision of Mary, says Burghardt, strangles ecumenical dialogue. "She is for the Protestant the visible symbol of Catholic idolatry, the Roman abandonment of Scripture, of the history of Christ, Divine Maternity and Perpetual Virginity and Immaculate Conception and a glorious Assumption—these are already stones of stumbling. But the end is not yet. It may soon be defined as part and parcel of God's public revelation that in union with her son the Virgin redeemed the world."

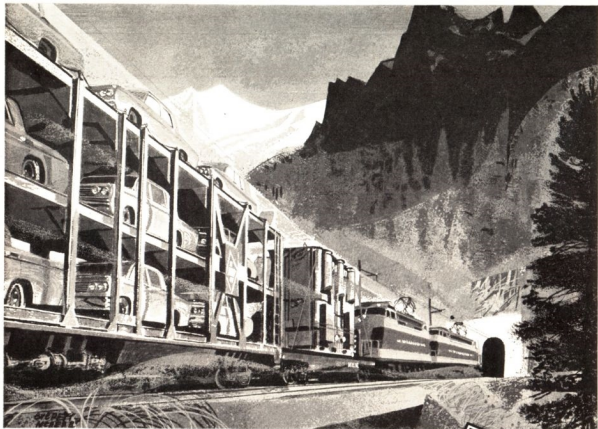
Logic in Dogma. In the past, Catholic theologians have been content to justify this dogmatic development by saying that the church has the duty to explain and unfold those things that may be hidden, or implicit, within Christ's teaching. But, asks Burghardt: "Is a dogma always logically implicit in revelation? Do I always make it explicit by human logic? Is all God's revelation discoverable in Scripture? If the total vision is in Scripture, just how is it there? In clear propositions? In logical implications? If only part of Mariology is Biblically based, where is the remnant revealed? Can I touch that revelation as palpably as I touch the Bible or must it, in the nature of things, fade into a valid but vague reality called apostolic tradition?"

Resolving such questions, concludes Father Burghardt, may well involve some spiritual agony for Catholics, but "the experience should be intellectually and spiritually stimulating for ourselves—and for those not of our number to whom we say so insistently that the function of Our Lady in the 20th century, as in the first, is to bring God down to men and men up to God."



BETH DIN JUDGES (RABBI RACKMAN AT RIGHT)
At the end of an elaborate religious ceremony: divorce.

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ART



CLEVELAND'S "DIANA"



GETTY'S "DIANA"

Would Rubens Paint a Bird?

Amidst a buzz of rumors, the Cleveland Museum of Art paid an estimated \$550,000 in 1959 for Rubens' *Diana and Her Nymphs Departing for the Chase*. Last week Oil Billionaire Jean Paul Getty said he had gambled more than \$400,000 that Cleveland has a fake. New Year's guests at Getty's Sutton Place mansion near London saw, on a wall of pale green silk, an 8-ft. by 6-ft. canvas that Getty said was the real *Diana and Her Nymphs*. And it is generally acknowledged that Rubens never painted the same subject twice.

Cleveland traces its *Diana* back to 1796, when Amsterdam Widow Elizabeth Hooft sold it. The painting was authenticated in 1959 by the late Dr. Ludwig Burchard, then the greatest living Rubens expert, who flatly discounted rumors that it was really the work of Rubens' assistant, Frans Snyders. Burchard, pointing out the dog that Diana caresses, said that Snyders "could never have created on his own an animal so highly expressive both in movement and feeling." The birds in the foreground, the "freshness and luminous color," he concluded, stamped it an early Rubens original.

Getty boasts an even longer pedigree for his *Diana*, tracing it to 1655 (Rubens died in 1640), when the Marquis de Leganés, Spanish Ambassador to Brussels and a friend of Rubens', listed the work in an inventory of his collection. Getty's Rubens expert, Columbia Professor John Held, argues that the Cleveland painting has the sort of minor details—the birds, the elaborate ironwork on Diana's lance, the foreground foliage—that "are not infrequently added by copyists to make their pictures more superficially interesting." In one matter Getty's canvas is more detailed: Diana, who is barelegged in Cleveland's version, wears sandals and leggings in Getty's. But even this, said

Held, proves its authenticity, for in a painting that is admittedly a copy of the Rubens *Diana*, at the Picture Gallery in Kassel, Germany, the huntress wears leggings and sandals. Finally, Held detected several *pentimenti*, or ridges of paint that reveal a painted-over design, on the Getty canvas. These, he said, are "a sign of spontaneous execution characteristic of an original version, while a neat finish that does not betray the trial and error of creation is more typical of a copy or studio version." His conclusion: "The London canvas represents the original conception of the Master, and the Cleveland painting is a fine and certainly quite pleasing and handsome creation of Rubens' studio."

Cleveland stood its ground. "We have no doubt our picture is genuine," said Museum Director Sherman Lee. "It is conceivable that Rubens painted two *Dianas*, but what the other one might be is somebody else's problem."

Shorty's Triumph

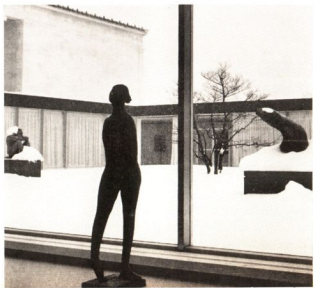
The 533,000 citizens of Buffalo, though not celebrated for love of art, have in their midst a museum envied throughout the U.S. Contemporary artists hold few places in higher esteem than the Albright Art Gallery. And there are few men for whom the dealers of Manhattan, Paris or London have more respect than its principal patron, Seymour H. Knox, 63. A small (5 ft. 5 in.), peppery man who is a crack polo and court tennis player as well as a director of six major companies (Marine Midland Trust Co., F. W. Woolworth), Knox is a born enthusiast—and his chief enthusiasm is modern art.

Next week, at a full-dress ceremony attended by Buffalo's mayor, by New York State's art-collecting Governor, and by artists, critics and architects from as far away as Japan, the gallery will celebrate its change of name to the Albright-Knox Art Gallery. It will also open a \$1,700,000 wing given mostly by the Knox Foundation and designed by Architects Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. Though the Knox wing is modern, it ingeniously avoids clashing with the original 1925 gallery, which has been described as the "finest example of pure Greek architecture in the U.S." Built on lower ground, the wing has the appearance of an extension wall that leads to a tower of dark glass.

Roaming the Ages. When "Shorty" Knox joined Albright's board of directors in 1926, the gallery already had a collection of surprising quality. It roams the ages in an almost haphazard way: an African mask, a Khmer sculpture, terra cotta tomb figures from China, a Cycladic idol that dates from the Bronze Age but looks as if it might have been sculpted yesterday. There are a few minor masterpieces from the Renaissance, works by all the major French impressionists, a first-rate collection of American art from Gilbert Stuart through Winslow Homer to the present.

Today, thanks to Seymour Knox, the gallery's major claim to fame is as a showcase of contemporary abstraction. By

MARINO MARINI'S "DANCER" IN ALBRIGHT-KNOX GALLERY





CAMILLE PISSARRO'S "PEASANTS IN THE FIELD" FROM COLLECTION AT BUFFALO'S ALBRIGHT GALLERY.

LYONEL FEININGER'S "DUNES WITH RAY OF LIGHT" TAKES MUSEUM INTO SEMI-ABSTRACTION.





JACKSON POLLOCK'S "CONVERGENCE" IS PART OF BOLD ABSTRACT COLLECTION, NOW ONE OF BEST IN THE U.S.



WINSLOW HOMER'S "CROQUET PLAYERS" COMES FROM STRONG REPRESENTATION OF 19TH CENTURY U.S. PAINTERS.



GORDON WASHBURN KNOX

COLLECTOR KNOX

1939 Knox was president, and that year Director Gordon Washburn, now director of fine arts at the Carnegie Institute, set aside one room for abstract art. For a while all purchases went through a committee, but Knox soon grew impatient with the wrangling. "I decided," says Knox in his no-nonsense way, "that I was providing most of the money, so I should have more to say about what we bought—with the help, of course, of the gallery director."

Second to One. With Washburn and his successors—Andrew Ritchie, now head of the Yale Art Gallery, and the present director, Gordon Smith—Knox has had a relationship any museum man would envy. "When we've seen a painting we liked," says he, "we've been able to make up our minds quickly without having to go through a committee. We are the committee." In the last seven years alone, Knox has given more than 160 works to the gallery. He got his Pollock before the artist's sudden death sent Pollock prices skyrocketing. The Albright was the first museum in the world to buy a Clyfford Still and one of the first to buy a Henry Moore. It now has at least one work by almost every major abstractionist from the late Arthur Dove and Wassily Kandinsky to Willem DeKooning, Mark Tobey and Robert Motherwell. Today, says Knox—and not many in the art world would disagree—there is only one collection of abstract work that is better, the one in the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan.

Roman Visionary

Many of the people who swarmed through Turin's Civic Gallery of Modern Art last week brought magnifying glasses with them, for every detail in every etching and drawing in the show demanded the closest scrutiny. To the rest of the world, the works of Engraver Giovanni Battista Piranesi are a familiar staple; his *Views of Rome* sometimes show up on the walls of U.S. dentists' waiting rooms. But to Italians he has always been an "artist for export"—an attitude that Professor Ferdinando Salomon, who helped put the Turin show together, blames on "a southern country's lack of interest in the contemplative arts, such as the study of old books, drawings and prints." Now, in the

biggest exhibition ever devoted to him, Piranesi is finally getting his due from his countrymen.

Even in his lifetime (1720-78), Piranesi printed his copper engravings so frequently that he often had to re-etch them to restore clarity. Now many of the plates—durably steel-coated at a heavy cost in faithfulness—belong to the Italian government, which occasionally runs off a new edition to the profit of the treasury. The prints produced in this "Piranesi industry" sell for around \$15 each, but "the result is about as true to the original as a picture postcard would be," says Salomon. The merit of the Turin exhibit is to let viewers see prints from Piranesi's own time, distinguished by the lightness of line of the newly etched plate (and valued in the thousands).

An Opera-Set World. It has been said that if the missing "bundle of many pages" that formed Piranesi's autobiography ever came to light, it would rival Cellini's great book in raciness. But only the bare facts of his life are known. The son of a stonemason, he was born in a small village not far from Venice. His uncle was a successful engineer and architect, and Piranesi started out to be an architect too. He read Palladio, studied the majestic stage designs that were the triumph of the Venetian theater. Even so, Venice seemed a stifling place. Piranesi went to Rome, the city of august memories and ancient glory.

Had the times been more prosperous, the 18th century might have gained a fair architect, but it would have lost a unique engraver. Neither the church nor the nobility were in the mood to spend on new buildings, and so Piranesi turned to drawing and engraving what he could not build. No laws of structure could restrain him now; he could let his fancy race across each plate and create an opera-set world that could never have been built in stone. He did his famous prisons while on a visit to Venice—great caverns filled with fes-

toons of clanking chains, soaring arches and lacy bridges that piled space upon space as far as the eye could penetrate. Back in Rome, he saw "how most of the remains of ancient buildings lay scattered through gardens and plowed fields where they dwindled day by day." Piranesi was determined to preserve them "by means of engravings."

A Biography of Rome. He worked with such devouring diligence that sometimes his wife and children would go without supper rather than disturb him. Day after day for 25 years, he would hunt down ruins, and, as his biographer, A. Hyatt Mayor, has written, he would go at them "like an anatomist at a cadaver—stripping, sectioning, sawing until he had established the structure in all its layers and functions." His *Roman Antiquities* made him famous; his *Views of Rome* is the greatest pictorial biography ever done of Rome. He worked tirelessly on, defying to the last the new champions of ancient Athens. Even while abed with the cancer that killed him, he called for his tools and copper plates. "Rest is unworthy of a Roman citizen," he said.

His embellished buildings, his shadowy ruins and his ornate details introduced a style of lavish grandeur that found its way to the noble homes of England and to the châteaux of imperial France. Modern critics like to point out that the sliced-up spaces of his prisons are akin to cubist abstraction, but this seems a cold sort of evaluation for a man like Piranesi. He conceived visions of Rome. Horace Walpole said, "beyond what Rome boasted even in the meridian of its splendor, Savage as Salvator Rosa, fierce as Michelangelo and exuberant as Rubens, he has imagined scenes that would startle geometry, and exhaust the Indies to realize. He piles palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and scales Heaven with mountains of edifices. Yet what taste in his boldness! What labor and thought both in his rashness and details!"



PIRANESI PRISON: "SCENES THAT WOULD STARTLE GEOMETRY"

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

Sly Ways & Subways

This one-cylinder Barnum, this tower of sneers in tasseled shoes, this Shubert Alley Catiline, this mustachioed thane of the sceptered aisle, this Greek god, this other Edam, this papier-mâché genius, this blessed plotter, this doozer producer, this publicity addict who would send his cocker spaniel to Cape Canaveral if he thought it would get into space, this man, this David Merrick has done it again.

Last week, with a full-page ad that managed to run in an early edition of the

Howard Taubman who writes dramatic criticism for the New York Times. But he was Howard Taubman all right—an audio-equipment salesman on Lexington Avenue. Next came a rather handsome likeness of Walter Kerr, not Walter F. Kerr of the *Herald Tribune*, of course, but Walter J. Kerr, a manufacturers' representative. So on down the line. Merrick's version of Richard Watts, the ever smiling cherub of the New York Post, was a Negro who works as a printing supervisor with the Blue Cross. Merrick explained later that he had selected this particular Richard Watts because "there isn't one



LEONARD MC CONDE—LIFE








MERRICK & Ad IN HERALD TRIBUNE
It closed early.

New York *Herald Tribune*, he perpetrated one of Broadway's most brazen jokes.

Borrowed Luster. To advertise his new musical, *Subways Are for Sleeping*, Merrick stacked up one above another the names of Manhattan's seven daily-newspaper critics, and in huge block letters proclaimed that 7 OUT OF 7 ARE ECSTATICALLY UNANIMOUS ABOUT "SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING." Beside each name was a quote, Walter Kerr, for example: "What a show! What a hit! What a solid hit! If you want to be overjoyed, spend an evening with *Subways Are for Sleeping*. A triumph." Howard Taubman: "One of the few great musical comedies of the last 30 years, one of the best of our time. It lends luster to this or any other Broadway season."

Some startled readers remembered that the seven critics, on the average, had been considerably less than ecstatic about Merrick's show. But what ho? Beside each name there was a photograph. The seven faces were somewhat unfamiliar. The man pictured beside the name of Howard Taubman bore little resemblance to the

**7 OUT OF 7
ARE ECSTATICALLY
UNANIMOUS ABOUT
SUBWAYS
ARE FOR
SLEEPING**

	ONE OF THE NEW GREAT MUSICAL COMEDIES OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS, ONE OF THE BEST OF OUR TIME. It has been seen in the city after Broadway hours.
	"WHAT A SHOW! WHAT A HIT! WHAT A SOLID HIT! It has been seen in the city after Broadway hours."
	"NO SHOW ABOUT IT. UNANIMOUS ARE FOR SLEEPING! IS THE BEST MUSICAL OF THE CENTURY. Consider yourself lucky if you can see it and a crowd for 'Subways Are for Sleeping' will be the result."
	"A MARVELOUS MUSICAL, FORTHE, because it is, more than any other in the city, 'Subways Are for Sleeping'."
	"A KNOCKOUT FROM START TO FINISH, THE MUSICAL YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. IT DESERVES TO RUN FOR A DECADE."
	"A WHOPPING HIT. RUN, DON'T WAIT TO THE ST. JAMES THEATRE. It's a first-class piece of great musicals. Quite simply, it has everything."
	"A GREAT MUSICAL, AND THE UNANIMOUSITY ARE THERE, is the proof of work in our show can be related to give it."

ST. JAMES THEATRE runs in the city.

critic who is a Negro, which I consider a violation of the Fair Employment Practices laws. My group is more representative." Since the *Post* is New York's most aggressively liberal newspaper, Merrick thought that "the real Dick Watts" would enjoy the gesture.

Limp Spirit. To round up his personal critics' circle, Merrick and Pressagent Harvey Sabinson used telephone directories and similar sources. They took the shadow critics to the show, and Merrick claimed that all of them liked it. The shades were fed and pampered at Sardi's and the Plaza. "We all worked on their statements," says Pressagent Sabinson.

Merrick submitted the ad to five of the seven newspapers, and all but the *Trib* turned it down. The *Trib* would have, too, but its advertising department was apparently asleep in the subways. When the *Trib* finally woke up, the ad was thrown out. Although New York's Better Business Bureau squarely opposed Merrick's antic, the real critics themselves thought it was funny. Said John Chapman of the *Daily News*: "Hilarious."

The actual score among the daily critics when they reviewed *Subways Are for Sleeping* was three negatives (Kerr, Taubman, and John McClain of the *Journal-American*) against three positives (Watts, Chapman, and Robert Coleman of the *Mirror*), with the *World-Telegram*'s Norman Nadel hanging in the air. Said the real Kerr: "Limp." Quoth the real Taubman: "Stumbles as if suffering from somnambulism . . . dull and vapid."

HOLLYWOOD

The Ambivalence Chaser

From the first days of the talking movie, the cry of Hollywood celebrities in distress has been: "Get me Giesler." For whether the charge was rape or murder or merely mental cruelty in a divorce case, Jerry Giesler was the best defense attorney in town. Last week the irreplaceable Giesler died, at 77, leaving behind him a saddened and nervous Hollywood.

His clients ranged from Errol Flynn to Marilyn Monroe, Charlie Chaplin to Smoky Bob Mitchum. He was attacked as a publicity hound and had a reputation as a fast man at taking on sensational cases: when the Beverly Hills cops first arrived at the home of Lana Turner after her daughter had stabbed Johnny Stompanato, Giesler opened the door. But underneath all the star-spangled headlines was a quiet, brilliant lawyer, an ambivalence chaser and not an ambulance chaser, who third-guessed his opposition and won his cases less by theatrics than by thorough and meticulous preparation.

Violations & Acquittals. Nonetheless, his legend rests on his occasional histrionic flashes. He broke bones in both hands thumping on the counsel table or the jury-box railing. Once, demonstrating a murder scene, he lay flat on the courtroom floor and continued his oration from that position. When he defended Stripper Lili St. Cyr on an indecent-exposure charge, he concealed his own paunchy frame in the allegedly diaphanous towel that had covered her on the night in question, so convulsing the jury that the case was laughed out of court. In his desk drawer he kept Lili's black lace panties as a trophy of the victory.

His tactic in rape cases was to make the victims seem even more rapacious than the accused. When Alexander Pantages was prosecuted for violating a 17-year-old girl, Giesler first established that the girl was strong and athletic and could probably have pinned the scrawny old theater owner to the floor if she had wished to. She had arrived in court in pigtails and a little girl's dress, so Giesler asked the judge to make her wear the clothes she had worn the day of the "rape." After she showed up in a low-cut crimson gown, Pantages was acquitted.

A bald, unprepossessing man who looked like a half brother to both Adlai Stevenson and Alfred Hitchcock, Giesler delivered his exhortations to juries in a crescendoing whine, sometimes trailing off into the deep purple. He defended Walter Wanger after the jealous producer fired a



GIESLER WITH MONROE



WITH LILI ST. CYR



WITH LANA TURNER
He left behind a nervous colony.

38-cal. slug into the groin of a fellow whom he considered too attentive to his wife, Joan Bennett, Giesler decided this was temporary insanity. "For a brief moment," he told the jury, "through the violet haze of early evening, Wanger saw things in a bluish flash." The jury somehow saw it that way, too, convicting him of a minor charge, and Wanger ended up with a short prison term.

Giesler's client Robert Mitchum, ar-

rested for smoking marijuana, also went to jail. Although Giesler was fairly sure that Mitchum had been framed, he counseled against a not-guilty plea in order to avoid the added publicity of a drawn-out jury trial. "My handling of the Mitchum and Wanger cases saved the motion-picture industry much grief," Giesler said much later in his as-told-to book with *Saturday Evening Post* writer Pete Martin, "but they didn't appreciate it then. They don't appreciate it now. It has always been the industry's weakness that it can only see an inch before its nose."

A Specialty. Son of a bank cashier, Harold Lee Giesler (pronounced *Geese-ler*) was born in Wilton Junction, Iowa. He was about to go to the University of Michigan when he developed eye trouble and went instead to Los Angeles, where he drove a horse-drawn lumber wagon. Soon he began studying law at U.S.C. and clerking in the office of Earl Rogers, a flamboyant attorney who was a kind of Edwardian Giesler. Rogers nicknamed him Jerry, and the young attorney got some of his first courtroom experience helping Rogers successfully defend Clarence Darrow against a charge of bribing jurors.

On his own, Giesler was soon cutting his eyeteeth in some toweringly strange trials. Murders were a specialty, and in all, Giesler handled more than 70 murder cases over the years. Not one of his clients was executed, not even Bugsy Siegel, the excess-personnel man at Murder, Inc. And when Norman Selby, the fighter known as Kid McCoy,* was charged with the murder of his mistress, Giesler got a verdict of manslaughter even though Selby had earlier insisted to the police that he was guilty. Giesler's explanation of the confession: the Kid was so depressed that he wanted to die.

Divorce & a Horse. Divorce was Giesler's other specialty. Married twice himself (he had two daughters and one son), he helped Barbara Hutton divest herself of Cary Grant, took the side of Lady Sylvia Ashley against Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe against Joe DiMaggio. In his most bizarre case, he defended the life of a horse named Tom Boy whose owner's will had decreed that the stallion should be destroyed to save him from mistreatment; and in perhaps his most celebrated case, he won an acquittal for Charlie Chaplin, charged with a violation of the Mann Act for transporting Starlet Joan Berry to New York. (He did not defend Chaplin when the actor lost the paternity suit that prompted him to leave Hollywood forever.)

Giesler never talked about the fees he charged, but Chaplin reportedly paid him \$100,000. Errol Flynn \$75,000. He averaged about \$150,000 a year—not much for a star whose performance in some of the greatest of Hollywood scenes should have earned him half a dozen Oscars.

* At the time, there were two fighters called McCoy. Selby was a good one, and the other pug, by comparison, was a glass-jawed failure. When fans referred to Selby, they called him "the real McCoy," adding a phrase to the American language.

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Lady Aloft

The female voice sounds out of place in the cramped cockpit of a high-flying B-58 bomber: "Oxygen quantity low. Oxygen quantity low. Descend to safe altitude. Monitor oxygen system until descent is accomplished."

Air Force pilots are learning to recognize and respond to those warm, well-modulated tones—and to rely on their disembodied presence. For the voice of Northrop Corp. Secretary Gina Drazin rides with the big delta-winged birds, ever alert to warn against airborne dangers. Recorded on tape and coiled into the complex innards of VIPS, Northrop's



COCKPIT COMPANION GINA
Pilots pay attention.

Voice Interruption Priority System, Gina's voice makes instant report whenever something goes wrong. She gets instant attention, while in other planes the buzzers, horns and flashing lights that signal the same sort of trouble sometimes go unheeded for vital moments.

Plenty of Warning. Northrop scientists began working on VIPS when they discovered that pilots react quickest to spoken commands; even when a pilot is beginning to black out from G forces and can no longer see warning lights, he hears and understands a distinctive voice. A feminine voice was chosen for VIPS to avoid confusion with the voices of other crewmen. The whole system weighs only 8 lbs., but its quick-acting brain can even assign priorities when several warnings are called for at once. If engine oil is low, Gina's voice reports the problem, but in case of more urgent danger—say, engine fire—VIPS would replace the oil warning with Gina's recorded fire alarm.

The B-58 VIPS can handle 50 emergency situations, and many warnings are followed by brief instructions for appro-

priate action. After a high-priority problem has been corrected, Gina continues to report any lower-priority problems until they in turn have been taken care of.

Plenty of Oomph. Northrop had little trouble selling VIPS to the Air Force. On a test flight in Texas, the system worked perfectly; its calm voice gave prompt warning of many simulated hazards. Then the pilot, Major H. T. Deutschendorf, started his landing approach. Gina spoke once more, warning that his airplane's alternator was out and that fuel pressure was low on the port side. The major had had enough tests for the day. "Shut the damned thing off," he shouted to his crew. A crew member replied that no more hazards had been simulated. Suddenly the major realized that this time the warnings were real. He followed VIPS's instructions, and made a safe landing.

Northrop is already planning other applications for VIPS—submarines, missile countdowns, fire warnings in public buildings. But Gina belongs to the Air Force. Said one SAC pilot last week: "That dame has plenty of oomph in her voice."

Mound of Golden Eggs

By day, Iranian Archaeologist Ezat Neghaban and his crew dig spectacular ancient artifacts out of a low mound in the fertile Goha Valley, 186 miles northwest of Teheran. By night, they stand guard against raiding peasants, crooked local officials and stealthy professional thieves. The round-the-clock duty is wearing but necessary, for the location is one of the richest in archaeological history, and the entire valley around the mound has gone digger-daffy. Peasants are even uprooting their vines and fruit trees in a frantic search for ancient gold.

The treasure hunt was unwittingly begun by Professor Neghaban when he organized a routine archaeological survey of the thousands of man-made mounds that dot the valleys leading to the Caspian Sea. Remnants of forgotten cities whose mud-brick buildings and ramparts have long since crumbled, all the mounds looked interesting. But one afternoon last fall Dr. Neghaban walked out of a forest in the Goha Valley and spotted five of them piled close together. "I knew instinctively," he says, "that I had found my quarry."

Full-Dress Dig. Dr. Neghaban's party made exploratory borings in a mound named Marlik after a nearby olive grove. Out of the red earth came gold buttons, small bronze cows, red carnelian beads, and two cylindrical seals used to roll impressions on moist clay documents. The University of Teheran granted Dr. Neghaban funds for a full-dress dig, and the 400-ft.-long boat-shaped mound was systematically excavated.

After one week the diggers literally struck gold. They brought up a pouring vessel heavily inlaid with carved golden animals. One of the creatures has a human body, with a bird's wings and two animal heads. In its outstretched arms it holds

two winged lions. On another part of the vessel a golden lion attacks a golden deer. Dr. Neghaban suspects that these symbols are religious.

Stream of Treasure. Day after day, treasure poured from the mound, which is now known locally as "the mound that lays golden eggs." The biggest bowl, 8 in. high and 6 in. in diameter, shows a bird with animal legs and a mane. Other bowls are lively with prancing unicorns, bulls, rams, eagles, fish, a warrior in chain mail holding two leopards by their necks. The diggers turned up gold jewelry and gold household and toilet articles (ear cleaners, tweezers, needles), stone macchabees, terra-cotta figurines, a marble sword hilt inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli. Said one ragged workman as he watched the stream of treasure: "How rich and careless we



NEGABAN WITH UNEARTHED TREASURES
Clay would be more welcome.

were to cast our gold into the earth like a seed. It grew nothing and left us poor."

Most of the treasures of Marlik Mound are already safe in the Iranian Archaeological Museum, but new finds always give Dr. Neghaban something else to guard. By now he is surfeited with gold; he would rather dig up a clay tablet. From the style and workmanship of the articles he has found, he has guessed that they date from about 1000 B.C., but he cannot be sure until he finds some written record connecting Marlik Mound with the known chronology of ancient Iran. Perhaps he will never be sure; at the beginning of the first millennium B.C., the whole Near East was in turmoil, with fierce barbarians making forays far into the Assyrian Empire. Little was written down during this dark age.

Still, there are four more mounds to be excavated, and Dr. Neghaban hopes that these will tell him what ancient people lived in the Goha Valley and buried their treasure there. "I won't leave a scrap," he says, "I won't budge until all the mounds are finished."



"I MUSICI" IN PARIS
Harmony, without a conductor.

MUSIC

Viva Vivaldi!

"We are deeply indebted to Antonio Vivaldi," said the violinist. "And I might say that Vivaldi is indebted to us."

Chances are excellent that Vivaldi, famed 18th century Italian master of the baroque, would be enjoying new popularity with or without Violinist Felix Ayo and fellow members of the Italian string orchestra called *I Musici* (The Musicians). But *I Musici* (pronounced "ee Moo-zee-chee") has surely contributed to the boom. And in the process it has attracted an international following that regards it as the best string orchestra in the world. This week the orchestra begins a three-month North American tour in Quebec. Day after day the musicians painstakingly rehearsed—paying the price, said a proud member, "for being Number One."

Pursuit of Perfection. Arturo Toscanini first proclaimed *I Musici* "Number One" when the orchestra was founded in Rome nine years ago, and *I Musici* has held on to the title ever since. Repeated winners of France's cherished Grand Prix du Disque, *I Musici* has made 34 records, sold a phenomenal 300,000 copies. Its best seller: Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. In its pursuit of perfection, the group takes four full days to record a 40-min. LP. The result is a luxurious, butter-smooth string tone, an artful blending of the orchestra's twelve instruments (six violins, two cellos, two violas, harpsichord, bass), a dynamic control that is the envy of other instrumentalists. Also to be envied: the fact that *I Musici* gets along harmoniously without a conductor.

I Musici goes conductorless by choice, does not even admit the existence of a first violinist because it wishes to reproduce as precisely as possible the organization of early Italian orchestras. The musicians interrupt their rehearsals when any one of them feels that another has made a mistake. Because the leaderless method could cause endless bickering, *I Musici* picks its players for personality as well as technique, spends weeks studying the best soloists in Italy before naming a replacement.

Baroque Gospel. *I Musici* is on the road an exhausting eight months out of the year, and although it can command \$2,000 a performance, it frequently set-

tles for less in small towns, where it wants to spread the baroque gospel. (The biggest money is in Germany, the least in the U.S., where travel costs are higher.) Although *I Musici's* repertory includes "more modern music than our audiences like to think we know" (Barber, Britten, Bartok), attendance falls if the orchestra plays too many contemporary compositions—or even too much Mozart. For better or worse, the orchestra has discovered, nothing sells quite so well as "the madness of Vivaldi."

Veteran Prodigy

Before he sits down to play a concert, Pianist John Browning follows a simple routine: he eats an early dinner (steak and baked potato), takes a short brisk walk to the concert hall, touches his fingers to his toes 25 times. The acrobatics, he explains, are to get the blood out of his stomach and into his hands, where it belongs. Over the years, the exercises have proved remarkably effective—at 28,



BROWNING AT THE KEYBOARD
Maturity, with blood in his fingers.

Browning is one of the most gifted pianists of his generation. Last week, playing with the New York Philharmonic under Guest Conductor Georg Solti, he reminded audiences just how fine he—and his generation—can be.

Although Browning has yet to achieve the international reputation enjoyed by such contemporaries as Van Cliburn and Glenn Gould, he has had his share of triumphs: a winner of the coveted Leventritt Award in 1955, a gold-medal winner in 1956 at Brussels' Queen Elisabeth Concours (in which he finished second to Russia's Vladimir Ashkenazy). Unlike Cliburn, who is often identified with Tchaikovsky and other romantics, and Gould, who polished his reputation on Bach, Pianist Browning has not been linked with any school, but favors Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert—German and Austrian composers that he feels he can "go into for 30 or 40 years and never touch bottom." And his style, as he demonstrated again last week when he played Mozart's rarely heard *Concerto in B-Flat Major*, lies somewhere between Cliburn bravura and Gould introspection. The *B-Flat Concerto* was ideally suited to Browning's talent. A witty virtuoso piece, it gave him a chance to display his brilliant technique, particularly in a rippling right hand. But there were also the long lyric lines that seemed to uncoil effortlessly from Browning's piano, the remarkably transparent but sonorous tone.

Son of a violinist father and a mother who was a professional accompanist, Browning followed in Cliburn's footsteps, studied with famed Teacher Rosina Lhevinne at Juilliard. He tours—in the U.S. and Europe—eleven months of the year, will give more than 100 concerts this year alone. Although he is a superb performer of the German-Austrian repertoire, he is also a first-rate player of the moderns, for whom he changes the height of his adjustable piano bench—two inches higher for Prokofiev than for Beethoven—because he believes a high bench helps him produce some of the percussive effects of modern music. Little is left to chance. Everywhere he goes on tour, Browning carries a small black book—its pages crammed with the serial numbers of melodious pianos located in the towns he plans to visit.

CINEMA

Wild & Woolly

Something Wild [Prometheus: United Artists] is somewhat woolly. Director Jack Garfein and Novelist Alex Karmel are listed as the men who wrote the movie, but it plays as though the script had been done by three other people.

Like Tennessee Williams, for one. The picture begins with a casual case of rape. The victim is a college girl (Carroll Baker, in private life Mrs. Garfein) who goes skipping through a New York City park alone after dark. When she comes to, she tidies her clothes, staggers home, sneaks upstairs past her prudish parent (Mildred Dunnock). In a meticulous ritual of hysteria, she cuts up her torn clothes, flushes them down the drain, pops into bed as if nothing had happened, as if out of sight were really out of mind.

Freud is not mocked. Next morning, on the subway, the smell and pressure of flesh make her sick with disgust. Dread like suppuration oozes from the deep, unmedicated wound in her mind. She sinks into fevered apathy, and one day in a daze almost jumps off—does it always have to be a bridge? Anyway, a big dumb slob of a grease monkey (Ralph Meeker) grabs her just in time and—

Exit Tennessee Williams. Enter Samuel Beckett, for about 40 minutes of motionless movie. The mechanic locks the heroine in his dingy little basement apartment. Why? "You're my last chance," he mumbles cryptically. "Let me out!" she screams. He shakes his head. "Let me out!" she screams. He shakes his head. They eat. They sleep. He gets stoned. They eat. They sleep. He gets stoned.

Exit Beckett. Enter Fannie Hurst, at her gurgliest, to provide a happy ending: the slob, who is really Prince Charming

in disguise, wakes the spellbound heroine with the magic of his love, and they live happily ever after—in that dingy little basement apartment.

Cameraman Eugen Shuftan, a cunning old (65) craftsman well-known (*Port of Shadows*, *Metropolis*) in Europe, sometimes shows a young man's infatuation with technique. Pigeons, for instance, have no importance in this picture, so why in Hell's Kitchen have they been blown up till they look like taxicabs with wings? But in general he contrives with careful empathy to see the city as the heroine sees it, to suggest the horror in the eye of the beholder. What's more, Composer Aaron Copland has written some graceful background music, and the three principals do as well as anybody could with the script in hand. As to the script, Actress Dunnock has the last word in the last scene of the film. "What," she inquires in a blank confusion that her audience will wholly share, "what has happened?"

Debbie Rides Again

The Second Time Around [20th Century-Fox]. Debbie Reynolds, who at 29 is known in show business as the world's oldest teen-ager, first found fame at 16, when she became a drum majorette at John Burroughs High School in Burbank, Calif. Friends say she doesn't look a day older; enemies say she doesn't act a day older. But in twelve years and 26 films the little lady—she stands 5 ft. 1½ in., weighs 100 lbs.—has developed, by sheer work and sheer nylons, into an effective hoover and a get-by ballad-belter. And in recent films she has emerged as a competent utility comedienne, a half-fast Hutton, a pingpong Ball with lots of bounce.

In *Second Time Around*, with Director Vincent Sherman to spur her flair for foolery, Debbie corrals a herd of yaks in what might otherwise have proved just one more way-in western. She plays a young "wider lady" from back East who arrives in Arizona, signs on as a ranch hand and runs through the tenderfoot routine—but in style. When she climbs up one side of a horse, she falls down the other. When she tries to wrangle a calf, she ends up flat on her face in the barnyard muck. When she shingles a roof, she rolls off the edge, lands sitting on a pig, rides wildly off into the sunset.

Having dealt with the livestock, Debbie promptly takes on some other critters: a passel of outlaws, a crooked sheriff (Ken Scott) and a charming cardsharp (Steve Forrest) whose favorite game is stud. Elected sheriff, she soon has the bad guys where they belong, and the charmer where she wants him—making proposals instead of propositions.

Intellectually, such comedy is as plain as beans on a plate. Physically, it is as intricate as tumbling, and few girls have the muscles or the timing for the job. Onetime Drum Majorette Reynolds has both. She makes falling off a horse look as easy as falling off a horse.



THE CHICKEN IN "ISLAND"
And bees as big as rhinos.

Gasbag Thriller

Mysterious Island [Columbia]. 'Tis a dark and stormy night. Shouts and shots are heard. Four Yanks jump the wall of a Confederate stockade, grab a Rebel hostage and pile into the basket of an observation balloon. Whack! They cut loose. The balloon soars. "We made it! We made it!" The storm screams derision. Four days and 7,000 miles later, it hurls the fugitives into the sea and onto the beach of an island somewhere in the South Pacific.

Morning. Sunshine. Palm trees. "We're alive!" Unfortunately, so is the giant crab, 18 ft. from claw to claw, that comes scuttling down the beach. After a fearful battle, the monster pllops into a boiling hot spring. The castaways breakfast heartily on boiled crab, then sight a small boat drifting ashore. What luck! The boat just happens to contain what every cinema castaway most urgently requires: women.

Domesticity sets in. A cave is found and furnished, and the men go out to hunt. Pretty soon they find something that pretty well fills the pot—a chicken 20 ft. tall. But next day they have trouble with bugs—bees as big as rhinos. And that same afternoon the island is invaded by pirates—just regular-size pirates. At the height of the battle, the pirate ship blows up and sinks. How come? Moments later, a weird figure comes gliding through the surf. It's a fish. It's a sub. It's—Captain Nemo! And just where has Captain Nemo been hiding all this time? In his submarine, the Nautilus. And where is the Nautilus? In a volcano. Any further questions?

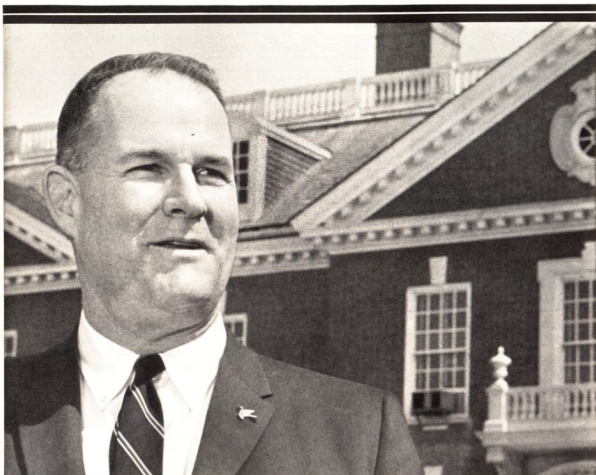
If so, the required information is readily available in this competent, medium-budget version of a trilogy published in 1874 by Jules Verne. It should thrill the gee-whillickers out of anybody willing to settle for a gasbag in a rocket age.



CARROLL BAKER IN "WILD"
And pigeons as big as taxis.



Hon. Elbert N. Carvel Governor of Delaware



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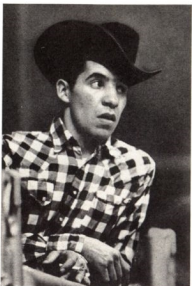


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SPORT

Roughriding Rookie

Draped across the bars of chute No. 3 at the National Finals Rodeo in Dallas, the cowpoke stared coldly at a mottled grey bronc, puffed an inch-long butt, and spat contemptuously into the dirt. "Keep your eyes open," warned a bystander. "That Blue Boy's a rank old



SHIRL HERSHORN—BLACK STAR

COWBOY McLEAN
Hottest on the broncs.

s.o.b." Nodding brusquely, Kenny McLean hiked up his scuffed leather chaps, swung over the rail, settled gingerly into the saddle, and in the awkward tradition of rodeo riding, he dug his spurs hard into Blue Boy's neck.

Like a merry-go-round pony suddenly gone berserk, Blue Boy bellowed with rage and bucketed across the arena. Spinning, rearing, kicking up clouds of arid dust, the wild-eyed horse struggled to unseat its rider. The violent ballet lasted just ten seconds. Then a klaxon sounded and McLean vaulted gracefully to the ground. The judges' verdict: 171 out of a possible 210 points.

Split Teeth. The score was short of perfect, but the fact that he rode at all reflects the skill and daring that make Kenny McLean, at 22, the Rodeo Cowboys Association's Rookie of the Year, and the hottest young bronc rider ever to crash the big-time rodeo circuit. In almost any other sport, McLean would have been riding the bench. The night before, he split two teeth and was carted to the hospital unconscious after tumbling heavily from an evil-tempered bronc. "Kenny's horse took a run from the gate," says fellow bronc rider George Williams. "Then he jumped and kicked and walked on his front feet. Most times, you have time to slip him some rein, but Kenny was on the ground in five seconds."

Unorthodox Style. Part Indian, raven-haired Kenny McLean busted his first bronc—and took his first fall—at eleven on his father's cattle ranch in tiny (pop. 500) Okanagan Falls, B.C. "There wasn't much to do in 'Okay Falls' except hunt and fish," Kenny explains, "so my brother and I built a chute and started riding." A natural athlete with superb coordination and balance, Kenny quickly learned to keep his feet loose in the stirrups, developed an unorthodox, righthanded riding style* that scores points with the judges and baffles his fellow cowboys. Surprise of the 1961 tour, McLean won ten "ridings," placed in the money in 34 rodeos, earned \$14,648, and was bucked off his mount only three times all season. Says Veteran Rider Williams: "Kenny really 'charges' a horse. He overrides most of them a bit, throws all caution to the winds. He's one of the wildest spurring cowboys in the business—and the best newcomer I've ever seen."

Spectacular Sub

Like most Indiana youngsters, Ron Bonham started dribbling almost as soon as he stopped drooling. As a high school senior in 1960, Bonham was a basketball coach's dream: he scored an average of 29 points a game, led Muncie's Central High to the finals of the state championships, and headed an Indiana All-Star team that trounced the Kentucky All-Stars, 101-64. Indiana coaches and sports-writers voted him "Mr. Basketball," touted him as the brightest college prospect to come out of the Hoosier State since the great Oscar ("Big O") Robertson (Time cover, Feb. 17). Deluged with scholarship offers, Bonham packed off to home-state Purdue. He stayed just three days ("I decided that four years is a long time to be unhappy"), went home to reconsider other offers. Bonham's final choice: the University of Cincinnati—the school that Oscar Robertson carried to basketball fame.

At any other college in the nation, slick-shooting Sophomore Bonham, 19, would be a sure first-stringer; at second-ranked Cincinnati (season record: 10-1), he is content at the moment to be the best substitute in college basketball. The reason: there were only two seniors on last year's power-packed Bearcat squad that ran up 22 straight victories and defeated top-ranked Ohio State, 70-65, for the N.C.A.A. championship. Massive (6 ft. 9 in., 235 lbs.) Paul Hogue, a rugged rebounder, is back at center, no longer fouls out of important games. Lanky (6 ft. 6 in.) Forward Fred Diierking prides himself on possessing the sharpest elbows in the college game. Forward Dale Heidtting (6 ft. 8 in.), Guards Tom

* Rules permit saddle bronc riders to keep one hand on the rein; most use the left, claim it gives them better balance and control. Conditioned to lefthanded riders, some horses depart from their normal bucking pattern, behave unpredictably when ridden by a righthander.

Thacker and Tony Yates are all juniors. Besides, says Head Coach Ed Jucker, "I like to have a good bench."

In sturdy (6 ft. 5 in., 200 lbs.) Ron Bonham, Coach Jucker has the best benchman in the business—a cool-headed righthander whose delicate push shot barely ruffles the basket's netting. Although he plays only about 20 min. a game (v. Center Hogue's 32 min.), Bonham is averaging 12 points a night, is the man Jucker calls on when Cincinnati needs a quick clutch of baskets. Fortnight ago, in Manhattan's Holiday Festival, Cincinnati was trailing St. John's, 30-33, in the final moments of the first half, when Jucker beckoned to Bonham on the bench. "Get in there and get us some points," he ordered. Bonham promptly sank three straight jump shots, wound up with 27 points as the Bearcats won, 97-68. In the Festival final against Wisconsin, Bonham ignored a full-court press, pumped in another 26 to lead a 101-71 Cincinnati victory. Last week, against tough St. Louis, Bonham started, for a change, and scored 14 points, including the Bearcats' first four. Never headed, Cincinnati won easily, 62-47.

But to methodical Ed Jucker, popping baskets is only half the game, and Sophomore Bonham still has a lot to learn about ball handling and defense before he earns a regular starting position on the solid Bearcat ball club. Explains Bonham: "In high school, the coach always put me on the weakest player we faced. He didn't want to take a chance on my fouling out; he just wanted me to shoot. It hurt me in college." Determined to improve, Bonham often staggers away from Jucker's two-hour daily practice sessions so exhausted that he collapses on his dormitory bed and sleeps through dinner. "I knew it was going to be tough," he says, "but I'll make it yet."



SHARPSHOOTER BONHAM
Best on the bench.



L.S.U. COACH DIETZEL
Biggest postgame winner.

Scoreboard

► In his seven years as head coach at Mississippi State and Texas, soft-spoken Darrell Royal had never turned out a team that beat the University of Mississippi or a team that won a bowl game. Matched against Ole Miss in Dallas' Cotton Bowl, Royal's Longhorns did both at once. They jumped to an early lead and hung on to win 12-7. In New Orleans' all-white Sugar Bowl, top-ranked Alabama relied on a stingy defense to eke out a 10-3 victory over Arkansas. In Pasadena's Rose Bowl, a crowd of 98,000 watched Minnesota shrug off an early U.C.L.A. field goal, run up an easy 21-3 victory. And in Miami's rain-drenched Orange Bowl, Louisiana State's hard-rushing line-men blocked two Colorado punts, routed the outmanned Westerners 25-7. Perhaps the biggest winner of all was L.S.U. Coach Paul Dietzel, who flew home to Baton Rouge after the game ready to accept a five-year, \$100,000 contract offer from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

► To keep his Western Champion Green Bay Packers moving against the Eastern Champion New York Giants, Packer Coach Vince Lombardi relied on a savage-like blocking line, the accurate passing of Quarterback Bart Starr, and the multiple talents of Paul Hornung—the N.F.L.'s Player of the Year. Hornung drove past Giant defenders for 80 yds. (including a 6-yd. touchdown burst), booted three field goals and four extra points as the Packers cut down the hapless Giants 37-0.

► As their Sportsman of the Year, the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* picked towering Jerry Lucas, star of Ohio State's top-ranked basketball team and the U.S.'s 1960 Olympics squad. Said SI: "Jerry Lucas is not only a fine athlete but a symbol of his generation's best at a time when its best is sorely needed by his country as well as his sport."

MILESTONES

Married. Tenley Albright, 26, shapely winner of two world's figure skating championships and the 1956 Olympic crown, now a resident in surgery at the Beverly (Mass.) Hospital; and Tudor Gardiner, 43, son of a former Maine Governor and *summa cum laude* graduate in President Kennedy's Harvard class who abandoned the bar to work for a Ph.D. in classical philology; she for the first time, he for the second; in Boston.

Died. Paul Mulholland Butler, 56, shrewd, hot-tempered chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1954 to 1960, whose vitriolic attacks on the Republican Party and sharp criticism of his own party's leadership kept him in a constant swirl of controversy; of a heart attack; in Washington. A party wheelhorse in Indiana and Stevenson backer before taking the national chairmanship over Harry Truman's bitter opposition, he provoked Southern Democrats with open criticism of their civil rights stand, attacked Lyndon Johnson and the late Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn for "moving too slowly toward a positive legislative program," had his last good scrap in 1960 when Truman accused him of trying to rig the Democratic Convention for Kennedy.

Died. Benjamin Franklin Fairless, 71, fast-moving boss of giant U.S. Steel for nearly 20 years, who substituted a candid personal charm for the rough flamboyance of an earlier generation of steelmakers; of pleurisy complicated by uremia; in Ligonier, Pa. Born the son of an immigrant Welsh coal miner, he got his first taste of capitalism as a newsboy, worked his way to an engineering degree, climbed rapidly with common-sense solutions to production problems and a knack for mediating high-level disputes. As president of U.S. Steel from 1938 to 1953 and board chairman from 1952 to 1955, he mellowed Big Steel's attitude to organized labor, increased U.S. Steel's massive capacity by nearly 35% while effectively defending bigness in steel to become known to a generation as "Mr. Steel."

Died. Harold Lee ("Jerry") Giesler, 77, canny counsel for two generations of Hollywood celebrities in distress, whose court-room histrionics won him fame as "The Magnificent Mouthpiece"; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills (see SHOW BUSINESS).

Died. Faris el Khouri, 84, voluble elder statesman of Syria who entered politics as a Deputy in the Ottoman Parliament in 1914 and despite repeated deportations for revolutionary activity fought for Syrian independence, served Syria four times as Premier, between 1944 and 1953, and headed his country's delegation to the United Nations, where he was Security Council president, led the bitter Arab opposition to an independent, Zionist Israel; after a long illness; in Damascus.

Gray Hair for Hire

Half the fun of being young is doing things on the spur of the moment...living impulsively. But the strange paradox is: these spontaneous years are precisely the time to plan for the security and serenity of later years. Thus, a long range investment program is vital *now*. Planning such a program is no activity for the dilettante. It takes experience, skill and research to develop the necessary know-how. At Harris, Upham we have the gray hairs to prove it. And we specialize in putting them to work for younger people. Harris, Upham has studied the lives and expectations of today's younger career-minded man and we are creating a variety of investment programs geared to his individual situation. Since its founding in 1895 Harris, Upham has developed a high degree of accomplishment in working with the younger, less experienced investor as well as the seasoned stockholder. Our 'gray hair' is for hire. Write for the booklet *Tomorrow Is Now!* Or, talk to the man at Harris, Upham today.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Good & Getting Better

Economists and businessmen are in considerable agreement in their predictions for 1962. In the language dear to the canny winemakers of Burgundy, they foresee a good year but not a great one. Almost all hands predict that the gross national product will rise this year from \$521 billion to somewhere around \$560 billion, an increase of 7%. The industrial production index should climb from its recession low of 102 in February last year to better than 120 by year's end. And



forecasters have the comforting conviction that consumer prices will probably inch upward by only 1%, meaning that 1962's growth would be real rather than inflationary (see chart).

All this, said Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, just adds up to "sound economic progress." A forum of 14 economists convened by the National Industrial Conference Board predicted "moderate growth." Said one, Economist Murray Shields: "1962 will be a good year with quite a flock of new highs, but it will not be a boom year."

For the economists the favorable signs for 1962 are tempered by some big "ifs." There remains the high level of unemployment (about 6%), the international payment balance, a chance of labor stoppages, particularly in the steel industry, which negotiates contracts this year.

Actually there are new signs that the prospects for business are already good and getting better. Some businessmen last week were privately admitting that volume and profits were ahead of what they have publicly indicated. One big trans-

portation company, surprised by a fat year's end profit, decided to "bury some of it" in a contingency fund. An electronics firm, doing unexpectedly well at year's end, decided to set aside 6% of sales income as what it calls a hedge against inventory adjustment. Fact was that in the waning weeks of 1961 and in the first week of 1962, indicators pointed upward more sharply than prognosticators, using their most recent but still lagging statistics, had anticipated.

Consumers jamming department store aisles contributed to a post-Christmas buying surge that pushed sales 8% over a year ago. As last-quarter auto statistics flowed into head offices, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Rambler and Chrysler last week found that they had achieved alltime highs. And Ward's Automotive Reports predicted that production in January would be the best in two years. U.S. Steel's Roger Blough foresaw the steel industry entering 1962 on what he called "the strongest order and production note in two years." During January steel mills will be at 85% of capacity (v. 50% a year ago). Sales of appliances, gasoline and housing are all expected to increase by 4% in 1962—and these are conservative estimates.

In what all manufacturers agree should be a tough competitive year, capital investment in new and more efficient machinery will play a big role. Most economists predicted that capital spending for new plants and equipment should jump 13-15%. The figure could go higher if the Administration can push through legislation for a proposed \$1.5 billion tax credit for companies investing in new plants and equipment. William F. Butler, vice president for economics at the Chase Manhattan Bank, guardedly put the case for more-than-moderate optimism: "There are two chances in ten that business investment will really take off next year, but part of the law of probabilities is that the improbable occasionally happens."

WALL STREET

The SEC Moves In

To look at the solid building in Manhattan's Trinity Place that houses the American Stock Exchange, it would seem that the old days of the raucous Curb Exchange were far behind. But last week the Securities and Exchange Commission, after closeting itself for a seven-month study, issued a 127-page report excoriating the practices of the nation's second largest stock exchange, and suggesting that too many vestiges of its past still hang on.

The brokers no longer do their trading from the curbstones of Lower Manhattan dressed in zebra-striped hats and bright blazers, but SEC found that several of the stocks they trade in their spacious hall ("a large number of these have been stock of Canadian mining or oil companies") are as risky as they were in the days of the '49 Gold Rush. "While undoubtedly the great majority of issuers of listed

BIG FOUR OF AMERICAN EXCHANGE



JAMES R. DYER



CHARLES J. BOCKLET



JOSEPH F. REILLY



JOHN J. MANN

stocks are sound business enterprises," noted SEC, "the Exchange has appeared reluctant to suspend or delist issues whose future prospects have proved dim."

The Four Controllers. Presumably the 32-man Amex Board of Governors is expected to keep a vigilant eye on such matters. But, SEC reported, this body has been tightly controlled for ten years by four of its members. SEC identified them as Board Chairman Joseph F. Reilly, 55, Vice Chairman Charles J. Bocklet, Finance Committee Chairman James R. Dyer, 56, and Floor Transactions Committee Chairman John J. Mann, 54. Under their command, President Edward T. McCormick, 50, who resigned his \$75,000-a-year job last month in a welter of criticism (TIME, Dec. 22), had his duties reduced to that of a fulltime salesman primarily concerned with getting new companies to list their stock on the Exchange. In at least ten cases, SEC said, McCormick put himself in a position to profit from new listings by buying stock before it went on the board.

In a striking example of how the four men operated, SEC noted that at the board meeting during which McCormick resigned, "Reilly was in the chair. Dyer moved that the resignation be accepted, and Mann seconded the motion. Reilly then relinquished the chair to Bocklet. Dyer moved that Reilly be appointed president pro tempore, and Mann seconded the motion." Dyer, Bocklet and Mann are all Amex stock specialists, that is, men assigned to trade in certain stocks to keep their price from leaping or sliding abnormally (New York Stock Exchange specialists laid out \$100 million in one day to cushion a panic price break after Eisenhower's heart attack). In the case of the American Exchange, said SEC, there was "a concentration of power in the hands of a small self-perpetuating group dominated by specialists," resulting in "manifold and prolonged abuses by specialists and floor traders."

The Manipulators. Most Amex specialists tend to their business, but the fact that a few were using their positions to manipulate stock prices for their own profit came to the SEC's attention last spring, when evidence piled up that Amex Specialists Gerard A. Re and Son Gerard F. had been rigging the market for more than five years, netted themselves a profit estimated at \$3,000,000.

Last week's SEC report argued that the Res were not an isolated example. Also cited were Gilligan, Will & Co., who are either the specialists, or finance the specialists, in 13% of the 1,000 stocks the Amex trades. It was characteristic, said SEC, that before a stock in which the firm of Gilligan, Will was to specialize was listed on the exchange, Gilligan, Will would acquire a block at below-market price, then profit after trading started.

Brokers are forbidden to deal in stocks unregistered with SEC. But in one instance, Partner James Gilligan (who retired last April) deposited 4,700 unregistered shares of Guild Films Co. stock out of the block of 63,000 he had purchased into the account of Reilly, then head of

the Floor Transactions Committee. "Upon learning of the purchase," SEC said, "Reilly immediately sold the stock at a profit of approximately \$2,300." Six months later, Reilly's committee refused to punish Gilligan for dealing in the stock.

"The problem," says SEC, "goes beyond isolated violations, and amounts to a general deficiency of standards and a fundamental failure of controls." Recognizing that some Amex members have been trying to clean their own house, SEC indicated that the real problem is enforcement of existing regulations ("In certain respects the rules of the Exchange are stronger than those of other exchanges..."). "But," warned the investigators, "the [SEC] must be prepared to exercise its supervisory powers if the necessary reform is not forthcoming."



U.S. TRUST'S BUEK & AMMIDON
They will bother with half a million.

CORPORATIONS Banker to the Rich

Few banks over the years have lived on cozier terms with their clients than Wall Street's 109-year-old United States Trust Co. It has always been the bank's custom to invite its customers to lunch, supply cakes with candles when clients' children have an 18th birthday, advise on everything from selecting schools and planning careers to buying horses. Offering such friendly service has proved to be highly profitable for U.S. Trust—particularly because its customers, past and present, include such names as Rockefeller, Astor, Vanderbilt, and Whitney.

Ever since it was founded in 1853 by a group of wealthy New Yorkers (among them: Inventor Peter Cooper) to provide professional management for their estates, U.S. Trust has been a rich man's bank. Today, its personal trust funds and investment portfolios total 8,000, plus endowment funds for such schools as Princeton, Amherst, Middlebury, Williams, and New York University—all told amounting to more than \$6 billion in assets. The portfolios of its customers put U.S. Trust among the top half-dozen stockholders of

such corporate giants as American Telephone & Telegraph, International Business Machines, Standard Oil of California, and Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Expunge Failure. U.S. Trust prides itself on the wisdom of its counsel (the name of one of its presidents, Lyman J. Gage, who was a failure around the turn of the century, has been expunged from its corporate history). It has had to test its advice in action. As controlling stockholder, it has had to step in to straighten out management problems, at times has found itself running an insurance company, a machinery maker, a food processor, a coal-mining firm, and a molasses company. To settle the estate of one wealthy New York lawyer, the bank merged three small cement companies he controlled, formed General Portland Cement Co., which in 13 years has jumped from \$15 million in sales to \$59 million.

With a healthy profit increase of 8% in ten years (to \$3,340,000 last year), it would seem that nothing could ruffle the serene existence of U.S. Trust. But in today's banking world, with big banks merging to command more business, not even U.S. Trust could continue unchanged.

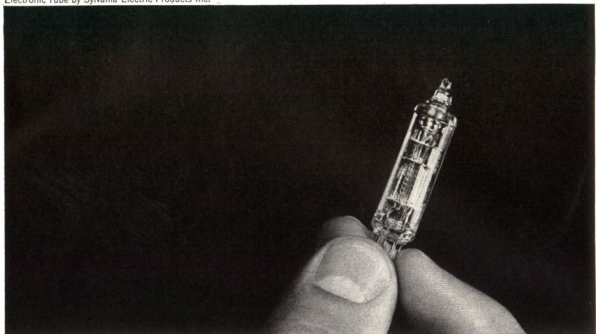
First to recognize this was personable Benjamin Strong (Princeton, class of '19), since 1947 the bank's president and then chairman. He had lived things by actively seeking new clients, e.g. advertising on the society pages. Strong cast aside the tradition that U.S. Trust chief officers linger on (one quit at 104). And he reached into the outside banking world to hire as president and his eventual successor tall, handsome Hoyt Ammidon (Yale, '32). Ammidon was a 20-year veteran at New York's Central Hanover Bank and Trust Co., and for five years personal-investment manager for Multimillionaire Vincent Astor. Last week, right on schedule, Strong retired at 65, and Ammidon, 52, stepped up to chairman and chief executive officer. In as president went First Vice President Charles W. Buek, 50 (Yale, '33).

Change the Mix. As chairman, Ammidon's biggest job will be to change U.S. Trust's earning mix. Last year the bank was in the unique situation of making 60% of its income from management fees, only 40% from interest on loans and its own investments. In recessions, the U.S. Trust may make for stability, but in good times, when loans are in demand, other banks pile up profits faster. To get more loan income, Ammidon is actively seeking large commercial deposits—particularly from companies in which U.S. Trust is a big stockholder—and in three years hopes to raise deposits, to \$300 million from \$194 million in 1961.

U.S. Trust still wants no truck with the \$5-a-week depositor, but there are signs that it will take clients who are merely silver-plated. Says President Buek: "We have tried hard to live down our reputation. We hate to have a man come in with only half a million and be afraid that we won't want to bother with him."

✱ Secretary of the Treasury under President William McKinley.

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Land of Autocratic, Energetic Business Giants

EACH opening night during the opera season, Milan's Via Manzoni is transformed from a bustling commercial street to a river of wealth and elegance. Bumper to bumper, a seemingly endless line of Mercedes, Alfa Romeos, Lancias and Maseratis inches toward the Piazza della Scala, their high-powered engines being raced by traffic-frustrated drivers. Pulling up before La Scala's neoclassic façade, the cars discharge their cargoes—usually an Italian businessman, resplendent in white tie, and his bejeweled wife, dressed in a Fontana, Capucci or Dior.

Milan's opulence is no sudden sparkle or passing phenomenon. The city is the dynamic fountainhead of the biggest, most sustained comeback that any European nation has made from World War II ashes. Germany has had its economic miracle, and France its postwar resurgence; both are still prospering but at a slightly slower pace. North Italy has sustained its boom. In Milan the Gothic finials of the renowned *duomo* now have to fight for recognition against a skyline of striking new skyscrapers. From the Piazza del Duomo rises the bedlam that only Italian traffic can generate. In front of the cathedral's stately bronze doors Milan is digging an entrance for its new subway. Everywhere Milanese businessmen move at dogtrot pace in a furious pursuit of profits, and lavish restaurants, such as Giannino, have geared their cuisine and prices to help them spend it.

Not only the businessmen prosper. Milan's workers are the industrial elite of Italy. Per capita earnings have leaped

56% since 1952 to \$1,000 a year, which in actual purchasing power amounts to much more. Milan's 1,500,000 people pay 26% of the taxes—and grumble as if it were 100%. And all over North Italy—the flaring top quarter of the boot that lies above Florence—workers can now own the refrigerators and television sets they produce. Last year so many of them traded their motor scooters for autos that car registrations in Italy soared some 30%.

Italian industrial production, still largely concentrated in the "iron triangle" of Milan, Turin and Genoa, has doubled in the past eight years. So avidly does the rest of the world gobble up Italian products that the nation's balance-of-payments surplus is the envy of the U.S. Treasury. Buoyed by these achievements, North Italian businessmen, who once argued that they could hold their home markets only with the help of protectionism, today swagger forth on a Common Market invasion of the rest of Europe with all the self-assurance of the Caesars of old.

Promised Land. As always, North Italy is outpacing the rest of the country. The arid South, despite all the Italian government and U.S. aid money poured in, is still primarily a land of hunger and hopelessness. In startling contrast gleams the prosperity of North Italy, which has replaced the U.S. as the near and visible promised land in the dreams of impoverished Sicilians and Calabrians, "California begins at Milan," runs the current folklore of South Italy and each day hundreds of southerners board northbound trains to seek the living wage they cannot

find at home. Last year some 70,000 of them settled in Milan alone.

At the end of World War II, most of North Italy's industry lay in ruins, and even to regain the modest prosperity of prewar years seemed a task of decades. The resurgence came much quicker, and for three reasons:

- U.S. Marshall Plan aid of \$3.5 billion to Italy—a substantial part of which went to rebuild the North, where there was much more industry that was worth rebuilding.

- The tough fiscal policy of the late President Luigi Einaudi, which prevented runaway inflation.

- Discovery of methane in the Po Valley, which has given Italian industry a cheap domestic fuel source to stoke its industrial boom.

The Autocrats. These strokes of good fortune were converted into "the Italian miracle" by the energy and imagination of North Italian businessmen and the industry of their employees. Unlike the committee-minded U.S. businessman, the Italian chief executive is a freeheeling autocrat who bases his decision far more on intuition than on the promptings of scientific management.

Probably no Italian industrialist shouldered his way to U.S. attention with more of a jolt than the late Adriano Olivetti. An intense idealist with a left-trending political philosophy, Olivetti was looked askance at by many other Italian businessmen who argued that what really kept the Olivetti Co. going was the sober, steadyhanding hand of Financial Wizard Giuseppe Pero, 68, now the company's chief executive. Yet, for all his quirks, Olivetti was a marketing genius, who by introducing the sophisticated "Italian look" in office machines, built a family business into an international concern and just before his death 22 months ago started the business world by acquiring Connecticut's faltering Underwood Corp. in the first major takeover of a U.S. firm by foreigners since World War II.

Courtly Killers. In Italy, Olivetti's influence never approached that of tiny (5 ft. 1 in.) Vittorio Valletta, 78, managing director of the Fiat automobile empire, which now builds 80% of the 600,000 cars produced in Italy each year and is a major producer of steel, locomotives, marine diesel engines and aircraft. A courtly ex-accountant who rebuilt Fiat from World War II rubble, Valletta led the company to its present near monopoly in Italy partly by taking advantage of a prohibitive tariff on foreign cars. Now that the Common Market is about to change all that, Valletta has moved to keep his hold on the home market with long overdue price cuts, simultaneously has launched an expansion program designed to double Fiat's production and flood Europe with Fiat's smallest cars, the two-cylinder 500 and four-cylinder 600, which undercut Volkswagen in both size and price.

Second in power only to Valletta in



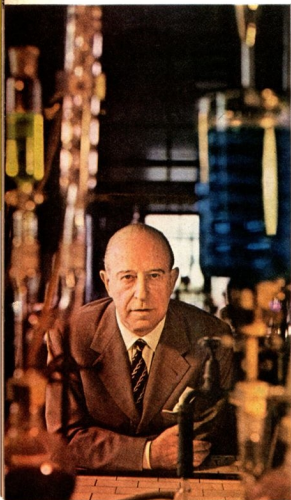
MILAN'S SKYLINE, seen through the *duomo's* spires, is punctuated by modern skyscrapers, which symbolize the city's undisputed role as Italy's bustling commercial and industrial

capital. Although the Milanese make up only 3% of Italy's 50 million people, their enterprise accounts for 20% of the nation's output and 40% of its exports of industrial goods.



ENRICO MATTEI, 55, controversial boss of E.N.I., state oil and gas monopoly, is one of Italy's powerful men.

EDISON'S GIORGIO VALERIO, 57, manages Italy's biggest electric utility, has diversified into mining and chemicals.



COUNT CARLO FAINA, 67, since World War II has rebuilt the chemical giant Montecatini into competitor to be reckoned with around world.



OLIVETTI'S GIUSEPPE PERO, 68, first non-family president, heads

a fast-growing company that now includes U.S.'s Underwood Corp.



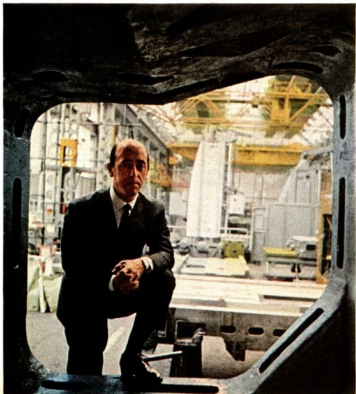
MODEL CITY OF METANOPOLI was built by Mattei to house E.N.I. research facilities and 6,500 residents (staff mem-

bers and families). On top of the glass office building in the background are guest apartments, roof garden and restaurant.



LEOPOLDO PIRELLI, 36, is next in line to head his family's burgeoning tire and rubber firm.

INNOCENTI'S LUIGI INNOCENTI, 38, is heir to the machine tool, motor scooter empire built by his active father, Ferdinando, 71.

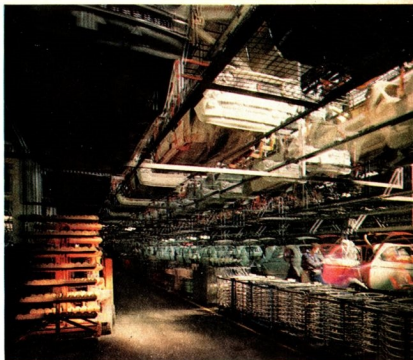




FIAT'S VITTORIO VALLETTA, 78, masterminded the auto firm's postwar expansion into big industrial empire.

WORKERS' APARTMENTS, built by Fiat for its Turin employees, border a Fiat-provided recreational field. The paternalistic company even pays half the rent.





ASSEMBLY LINE at Fiat's highly automated Mirafiori plant, in Turin, rolls out 2,600 cars a day. Italy's

biggest car producer, Fiat has increased sales because of local demand despite decreasing exports to the U.S.

TURIN EXHIBITION HALL, designed by Pier Luigi Nervi for Italy's centennial, will house school for labor and management leaders of emerging nations.





FASHION DESIGNER Emilio Pucci, 46, of Florence, has made Italian sportswear famous. A manly ex-fighter pilot, he features bright colors, is now pushing stretch fabrics for street wear.

PORT OF GENOA, Italy's biggest, was rebuilt from rubble after World War II, can dock 100 ships at one time. Nosing out of harbor is Italy's finest passenger liner, the *Leonardo da Vinci*.



Italian private industry is coldly handsome Count Carlo Faina, chairman of the giant Montecatini chemical complex. Despite an aristocratic heritage—he holds a longstanding title granted by Pope Pius IX and confirmed by the Italian royal family—Faina joined Montecatini 35 years ago as one of 360 applicants answering a want ad. Assigned to rebuild the chemical complex after the war, he defied stockholder opposition by multiplying the outstanding shares in order to obtain new capital. Now, with sales of \$600 million a year, Montecatini slugs it out internationally with the likes of Du Pont and Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries, and in the Italian market has a reputation for slashing prices until a rival is forced to give up the fight.

No less deadly a competitor is massive, baldheaded Franco Marinotti, 70, boss of Snia Viscosa, Italy's biggest producer of synthetic textile fibers. Marinotti, who preaches a cold-blooded business philosophy ("Gratitude is a sentiment possessed mainly by dogs"), did his postwar rebuilding without a cent of U.S. aid. Despite this self-imposed handicap, he pushed Snia into the front rank of industry by automating to cut costs and by instituting a research program so successful in turning up new fibers that, as he boasts, even the U.S.'s Allied Chemical Corp. has signed up to produce Snia's caprolactam, raw material for nylon. As head of one of the world's largest exporting companies, Marinotti brushes aside talk of Common Market challenges. Says he with a grin: "I've always been in the Common Market."

The Da Vinci Complex. Like Marinotti—who paints passable landscapes under the name "Francesco Torri"—many a North Italian businessman takes as his personal hero that versatile Renaissance genius, Leonardo da Vinci, and like Da Vinci is not deterred from any enterprise by lack of experience. A prime example is Count Gaetano Marzotto, 67, whose family-owned Marzotto Textile is Italy's biggest wool spinner and producer of readymade clothes. Several years ago, enraged by an all-night bout with bedbugs in a Sicilian hotel, Marzotto set out to build his own hotels in Italy's remote places. Clean, simple and inexpensive, the improbably named "Jolly Hotels" were such a success that the Marzottos now have 51 of them, the biggest privately owned hotel chain in Italy.

Ferdinando Innocenti, 71, is another who combines restless curiosity with shrewd economic sense. One day before World War II, Innocenti, then a small-time maker of steel pipe in Milan, bumped his head on a wooden scaffolding. This, in Da Vinci style, led him to develop the lightweight steel scaffolds now standard the world over. After the war, he bent his tubes into a motor scooter frame and, with his Lambretta, rode the crest of Italy's pent-up demand for cheap transportation. Next, spotting Italian industry's growing need for tools, he began

producing heavy machinery and giant electric steelmaking furnaces. Recently, to keep up with the middle-class Italian's desire to graduate from two-wheeled transportation to four, Ferdinando, with his son, Luigi, took Innocenti Co. into assembling British Motor Corporation's Italian-styled Austin A-40.

Reds & Taxes. Such versatility and drive has enabled North Italy's businessmen to resist, and sometimes overcome, the Italian government's forage into political and economic fantasy. Saddled with a near-medieval tax system that makes an honest declaration of income an invitation to bankruptcy, and perennially endangered by the temptation of Italy's ruling Christian Democratic Party to make a deal with the powerful Nenni Socialist Party at the expense of free enterprise, Italian businessmen live under a constant state of siege. In the postwar

service. The busy port of Genoa, whose shipments have tripled to 44 million tons since 1953, is dominated by I.R.I.'s Ansaldo shipyards, which built the I.R.I.-operated luxury liners *Cristoforo Colombo* and *Leonardo da Vinci*.

The Head Buccaneer. Biggest anomaly of North Italy's boom is that its closest approximation to the buccanering giants of 19th century capitalism is Enrico Mattei, 55, head of E.N.I., the state-owned oil and gas monopoly. When Enrico Mattei, a handsome, hawk-faced fellow, discovered the Po Valley's methane deposits 15 years ago, he became one of the key wonder workers of the Italian miracle. Since then, using state funds to emulate his private enterprise rivals, he has built a diversified industrial fief that includes everything from motels to Italy's largest fertilizer factory. He also boasts one of Italy's paternalistic company towns—Metanopoli.

Mattei delights Italy's nationalists with his swashbuckling sorties into the international oil market. Ordinary Italians love to see him outrage the major oil companies by flooding their European markets with his AGIP gas (much of which is made from Russian crude) and outbidding them for drilling rights in oil-rich African and Middle Eastern nations. But Italian businessmen, though appreciative of E.N.I.'s methane, argue that Mattei has kept its price higher than need be to finance his international ventures and his political and economic battles.

The Revolutionaries. But even where the government is strongest, North Italy's private industry manages to flourish. Though the state produces 55% of Italy's steel, Milan's Falck Steel succeeds by specializing in high-grade alloys. Periodic talk of nationalization of the electric power industry fails to faze ramrod-backed Giorgio Valerio, 57, managing director of Italy's largest utility, the Edison Group. Snaps Valerio: "We've doubled output in ten years, and we're still going ahead. Politicians are conservatives. We industrialists, we are the revolutionaries."

Most Italian businessmen seem to share Valerio's disdain for "those bureaucrats in Rome." After Olivetti's Underwood takeover, one industrialist exulted: "Americans used to come here as if they were visiting Black Africa, but they've learned a thing or two." To a man, North Italian businessmen dislike the "Italian miracle" phrase that the Italian press began to use some years ago. Says Leopoldo Pirelli, 36, third generation of his family to run the huge (1961 sales: \$220 million) Pirelli rubber company: "There's more perspiration than is normally involved in a miracle." The secret lies far closer to hand, in industrial imagination, high skills, hard work, aggressive ambition. Perhaps the finest result of the North Italy boom is the fact that, after the long years of Fascism and the humiliation of military defeat, Italy's national self-respect has been restored and is increasing by the works of its own people.



years they fought the threats of Communist unions to take over their companies by handing out paternalistic fringe benefits with a lavishness no U.S. firm would dream of. (After touring the sports grounds, libraries, kindergartens, social center and free medical facilities that Olivetti provides at its Ivrea headquarters, an English visitor dryly remarked: "I assume that the fact that you also produce office machines is pure coincidence.") The results have been mixed: North Italian workers no longer support Communist political strikes, but they go right on electing Communist union leaders as the best economic goods to management.

Even without Communist unions, the North Italian executive must operate in a wondrously mixed economy where there is already more government ownership of industry than in any other country outside the Communist bloc. Born under Mussolini's Fascism during the Depression, the government-run Institute for Industrial Reconstruction (I.R.I.) owns 30% of all outstanding stock in Italy, controls 350 companies ranging from the nation's largest banks to the Alitalia air

BOOKS

Fox into Lady

SYLVA (256 pp.)—Vercors—Putnam (\$4).

Albert Richwick, bachelor and gentleman farmer, was strolling near his garden one day when a pack of hounds chased an exhausted fox into his hedge. Suddenly "there was no fox. But protruding from the hedge, on the ground, a pair of bare legs. They were kicking. The rest of the body, caught in the hedge and slashed by thorns, was trying to push through. . . . It was a woman."

What happens to a fox become woman is the substance of this evocative new book by the French novelist who calls himself Vercors. The author frankly admits his device is a reverse switch on the metamorphosis in David Garnett's *Lady Into Fox*, one of the most popular English novels of the '20s in which a young husband finds his wife transformed into a small red fox ("He saw at once that his wife was looking at him from the animal's eyes").

Death & Laughter. Vercors' fox-woman, whom her new protector calls Sylva from the Latin word for forest (Garnett's changeling lady was named Silvia), has the pretty figure of a lithe and leggy 18-year-old with brilliant onyx eyes and, of course, red hair, but inside she is all fox. Richwick learns this the hard way. Sylva sleeps under the bed, curled up in a vulpine ball; she refuses to wear a stitch of clothes, and she smells so strong that her room must be cleaned and thoroughly aired each day. She bolts down whole chickens, crunching up bones and all. She barks and bites.

But Richwick—griggish, prudish bachelor that he is—perseveres. He lets it be known that she is the mentally retarded daughter of a sister in Scotland and engages a nurse for her who has specialized in backward children. Richwick, who narrates the story, and Mrs. Bumley, the nanny, settle down to their labor of love: turning a vixen into a girl.

Sylva slowly, painfully struggles away from the animal world. She escapes to the forest, only to discover that it rejects her new body. She escapes again to shack up with a feeble-minded woodcutter and returns to embarrass the prissy Richwick with her uninhibited advances (in a satirical switch, Vercors has Richwick study Freud in order to give Sylva some inhibitions). But the major gap that separates human from animal mentality is man's conscious awareness of his own existence. Eventually, Sylva makes the leap, and from the frightening moment when she discovers herself as an individual entity separate from her environment, Sylva cannot turn back; she is, as it were, hooked by humanity.

Then, when a dog she plays with dies, she discovers death. With the knowledge of death comes laughter. "It is because the human species is the only one which

knows that death is our common lot that it is also the only one to know laughter as a saving grace," reflects Narrator Richwick. "During the moment when laughter shakes us, we are immortal."

Sugar-Coated Pill. Vercors counterpoises Sylva's struggle upward with the sordid decline of Richwick's sometime girl friend into a drug-addicted, sexually perverted mindlessness. After a dash of degradation with her in London, Richwick escapes to come back home as a love-smitten Pygmalion to his Galatea—who turns out to be pregnant.

Will he marry her? Is the unborn offspring his? Will it even be human? The



NOVELIST VERCORS
Dedicated to man's will.

answers supply some neat fillips at book's end, but they are only part of the literary sugar-coating on Vercors' pill. For pill it is, Vercors is not so much a novelist as a moralist, and Sylva is not so much a novel as a fable—an edifying tale designed to explore the question that has been bothering 50-year-old Jean Brüller ever since he took the pen name Vercors and wrote the book that made his reputation: *The Silence of the Sea*.

Aspiring & Striving. "All of us French intellectuals have had to come to terms with the same problem," he told a friend last week in the U.S., where he is currently on a lecture tour. "Camus and Sartre and Malraux saw life the way I did—as meaningless and absurd, with war the most meaningless absurdity of all. And yet, instead of withdrawing and doing our best to avoid suffering, which would be the logical course, we all worked hard and risked our lives in the Resistance. Why? Another way of asking this is: What is man?"

Vercors' writing since the war has probed and worried that question—most

notably in the bestselling *You Shall Know Them* (1953), which, like Sylva, examines man in terms of his relation to animals. The animals in the earlier novel were a species of hominid, subhuman, but capable of breeding with men—which Vercors used, as he uses his fox-lady, to exemplify his belief in the power of the aspiring will to change and transcend the natural, i.e., animal, condition of man.

This evolutionary striving, he feels, is the means and end and sanction of life. In this, he has been strongly influenced by the thought of the late French Jesuit philosopher-anthropologist, Father Teilhard de Chardin (TIME, Feb. 10). "The striving and aspiring must be social to be fruitful," Vercors insists. "The yogi working by himself for himself is a dead end. In my book, the forms and standards of society are represented by Richwick—that's why he may seem something of a prig. But it is these very forms, personified in Richwick, that give Sylva a direction and pattern for her development. And in dedicating himself to her, he too is elevated at the end."

Apologia for Hitler

THE ORIGINS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR (296 pp.)—A.J.P. Taylor—Atheneum (\$4.50).

Anxious to rescue history from simple moral judgments, historians have been restoring the reputations of many a traditional villain. Richard III, Metemich, Aaron Burr have all been readmitted to civilized society and admired for their "realism." But no one (outside Germany) seemed to have thought of scrubbing up Hitler—until now. In *The Origins of the Second World War*, Oxford Historian A.J.P. Taylor finds excuses for Hitler and reasons to blame nearly everybody else.

Provoked by Little Powers. Most historians have pictured Hitler as a juggernaut. In Taylor's account, he is peculiarly passive. "He did not seize power," writes Taylor. "He waited for it to be thrust upon him." Like other statesmen of his time, he was defending the national interest in a cleanly Machiavellian way. He simply wanted to overturn the Treaty of Versailles and restore Germany as a great power. Minimizing the fact that Hitler committed his plans for conquest to paper as early as 1925 in *Mein Kampf*, Taylor claims that the dictator did not really want war. His threats were "daydreaming" or "play-acting" to impress German generals who wanted to slow him down.

In Taylor's view, it was always somebody else who put poor, passive Hitler in a mood to fight. "Provoked" by the Austrian Chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, Hitler improvised the invasion of Austria almost overnight, as proved by the fact that 70% of the German transport broke down on the way. When Hitler ordered

* The book's English publication last spring precipitated a celebrated scholarly duel between Taylor and fellow Oxford historian and longtime rival, Hugh Trevor-Roper (*The Last Days of Hitler*), who attacked Taylor for "perversion of evidence" and "irresponsible antics."

his generals to "smash" Czechoslovakia, it was merely a "momentary display of temper." The real culprits, Taylor implies, were the men foolhardy enough to stand up to Hitler. Poland's Foreign Minister Jozef Beck had such "great power arrogance" about his little nation that he tricked Britain into the foolish defense pact that started World War II.

Theatrical Destruction. With scholarly detachment, Taylor states the case for appeasing Hitler and for resisting him, but his sympathies obviously lie with the appeasers. Germany, he argues, had a right as a great power to recoup the Rhineland in 1936, even though Winston Churchill, among others, felt that Hitler could have been easily stopped and probably toppled from power. At Munich, writes Taylor, British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain saved the peace and served the principle of self-determination, i.e., by handing a slice of Czechoslovakia to Germany because a lot of Germans lived there. Writes Taylor: "It was a triumph of all that was best and most enlightened in British life."

Taylor insists that Hitler was no fanatic. "Hitler was a rational, though no doubt a wicked statesman," writes Taylor primly. "His object was the steady expansion of German power, not a theatrical display of glory." This is an odd assessment of a man who wallowed in the theatrical, whether haranguing the chanting mobs under the searchlights at Nürnberg or accepting the total destruction of Germany as a suitable *Götterdämmerung* to accompany his own demise. His nationalism, far from being the common variety, was the most virulent racism the world has ever known.

"A study of history is of no practical use in the present or future," Taylor, who likes to be whimsical, once said. As far as Taylor himself is concerned, his book proves his point.



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Bedside Crime

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS (351 pp.)—Edited by Sir Harold Scott—Hawthorn (\$15).

In France, the judge may retire with the jury. In Britain not long ago, a man grew marijuana from birdseed. Cocaine was known during the Stone Age. High treason was so called to distinguish it from petty treason, i.e., a wife killing her husband.

Such bits are themselves the birdseed scattered through *The Concise Encyclopedia of Crime and Criminals*, the agreeable useless information that spices its usefulness. For the layman—though the specialist, whether on the bench or behind bars, may differ—the book commits no editorial high crimes, merely misdemeanors involving disproportion, inconsistency, British bias, together with some doubtless conscious sins of omission. If it fails to canvass its subject from A to Z (the last entry stops at Y), or from Lapland to Patagonia (it mostly treats Britain, the U.S. and Europe), or from hokus to strychnine (it wholly neglects weapons and poisons), its range is considerable, its writing often sprightly. Edited by a former chief of Scotland Yard, with contributors (almost all English) extending from Ian Fleming and J. Edgar Hoover to Alan Moorehead and Rebecca West, it boils down a huge vatful of material without losing too much of the original felonious flavor.

Velvet Swindle. The solidest and most serious entries in *Crime and Criminals*—juvenile delinquency, penology, prostitution, war crimes—exhibit a drab sociologist look and a stylistic prison pallor. But as a refresher course in big-name crime, the book often proves happily terse where there no longer can be much tension, yielding forgotten details into the bargain. Crippen, perhaps England's best-known wife murderer, was born in Michigan; Captain Kidd, most famous of pirates, probably was not a pirate at all but a legitimate privateer who got a bum rap from a British court. While the never-caught Jack the Ripper was terrifying London, Queen Victoria sent the Home Secretary directions as to how to catch him. Ruth Snyder, during her trial, re-

ceived 164 proposals of marriage; Fatty Arbuckle weighed 16½ lbs. at birth.

In addition to these luminaries of malfeasance, readers may meet such relative unknowns as High-Finance Crook Ernest Hooley, who used part of his ill-got gains to become the patron of twelve ecclesiastical livings for parish priests in rural England, or Leopold Harris, who was so great an expert on fraud that his prison cell became an office where he scrutinized documents for the British authorities. Or there is the Portuguese Bank Note Case of the 1920s, in which a band of smooth, velvety swindlers talked the Bank of Portugal's official printers—a posh British firm—into engraving 100 million escudos, next got permission from the Portuguese government to found a bank in Angola, where they put their escudos into circulation.

Maximum Penalty. The liveliest of the longer pieces deals with Prohibition, and John Bull has a field day with the U.S. v. John Barleycorn. Proffered bribes to a Prohibition agent ran as high as \$300,000 a week; Al Capone's liquor take was \$7½ million a year. At the outset, the Department of Justice had no plans for handling Volstead Act violations; after the act had been in force for one month, the first open court date in New York State was three years off.

The book offers help on the more *recherché* crimes—dacoity ("armed robbery by five or more persons") or embracery (an attempt to corrupt or influence juries). It dallies in wordplay, both criminal and legal. An Englishman kicked off his boots on the gallows to disprove his mother's prophecy that he would die in them; a British judge, asked why he dubbed a certain barrister "Necessity," answered: "Because he knows no law." It corrects popular misconceptions: Bertillon, far from creating fingerprint identifications, was skeptical of their value. It shows how greatly writers can misconceive: Conan Doyle protested that developing character in detective stories could only endanger the plot. Perhaps its most unforgettable statement is a sentence concerning Scotland's High Court of Justiciary. "The maximum penalty which may be imposed in that court," says the article, "is death."

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Innocents. A story of profound religious horror, *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James, has been diminished by Director Jack (Room at the Top) Clayton into a sophisticated psychiatric thriller. Deborah Kerr is exquisitely hysterical as the haunted heroine.

La Belle Américaine. A running gag about U.S. automobiles that sometimes stalls but usually crowds the speed limit; written, directed and acted by Robert (La Plume de Ma Tante) Dhéry, a French comedian who is rapidly emerging as a sort of tatty Tati.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Shakespeare with puppets; an intricate trick executed with taste and charm by Jiri Trnka, a Czech with an imagination quite as wild as Will's.

El Cid. The Spanish Lancelot, hero of the wars against the Moors, is celebrated in the year's best superspectacle.

One, Two, Three. A sort of Mack Sennett investigation of the situation in Berlin, conducted with a wham-bam abandon by Director Billy Wilder.

Throne of Blood. Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa's grand, barbaric Japanization of *Macbeth* is probably the most original and vital attempt ever made to translate Shakespeare to the screen.

The Five-Day Lover. France's Philippe de Broca has directed a gay-grim comedy of intersecting triangles in which the participants suddenly discover that the dance of life is also the dance of death.

A Summer to Remember. A fresh, warm, funny Soviet film that describes what a child's life is (hopefully) like in contemporary Russia.

The Hustler. A morality play in a pool-room, brilliantly directed by Robert Rossen, vigorously played by Paul Newman, Piper Laurie, Jackie Gleason.

West Side Story. This overpraised, overprized film version of the Broadway musical is marred by pseudo-sociology and a sort of reverse race prejudice, but its dances are still fairly exciting in a faded-bluejeans sort of way.

TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 10

Naked City (ABC, 10-11 p.m.).* Theodore Bikel in a drama about a struggling artist arrested for a murder he has no recollection of committing.

Thurs., Jan. 11

Tell It to Groucho (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). Premiere of a new series. Groucho solves guests' problems in a Marxian manner, assisted by Teen-Age Adventurer Jack Wheeler and 19-year-old Patty Harmon.

Fri., Jan. 12

The Good Years (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda and Mort Sahl star in a special that traces, via song and dance, comedy and drama, the American pattern of life from 1900 to the beginning of World War I.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news story covered by CBS correspondents around the globe.

* All times E.S.T.

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A report on Volgograd—formerly Stalingrad—Russia's city of memories, which has recently been destalinized.

Sat., Jan. 13

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). Reminiscences about the old West by J. Frank Dobie, former rancher and later University of Texas English professor.

Golden Showcase (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tammy Grimes and Jackie Cooper in *The Fourposter*, Jan de Hartog's comedy of marriage.

Sun., Jan. 14

John Brown's Body (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). Richard Boone plays the leading role of the narrator in a dramatized reading of the Stephen Vincent Benét poem.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A look at the risky world of sports-car racing, with Walter Cronkite interviewing Driver Stirling Moss, British ace.

Follow the Sun (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Lee Tracy stars in "The Last of the Big Spenders," with Irene Harvey.

Mon., Jan. 15

Lee, The Virginian (NBC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Thomas Mitchell is narrator of this television portrait of the great Civil War general.

Tues., Jan. 16

Alcoa Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Fuller in "The Hour of the Bath," about a U.S. Peace Corpsman in Viet Nam. Fred Astaire is host.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana. by Tennessee Williams. A quartet of life's castaways gather on a Mexican veranda and probe their defeated dreams and violated hearts. Apart from its poetry of mood and language, this may be Williams' wisest play.

Ross. by Terence Rattigan, presents an absorbing theory of T. E. Lawrence as a man whose triumph and tragedy was his will. Actor John Mills portrays the hero with lacerating honesty.

A Man for All Seasons. by Robert Bolt. Intelligence burns with a cool, gemlike flame in this play about private conscience versus public duty. Actor Paul Scofield is Sir Thomas More incarnate.

Gideon. by Paddy Chayefsky, casts the dialogue between God and Man in the folksy accents of back-fence neighborliness, but Fredric March and Douglas Campbell shoot the sparks heavenward.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a musically made with a mind (Author-Director Abe Burrows). But its body and soul is Actor Robert Morse, who polishes off everybody but his grandmother in a great, grinning rush to the top of the corporate heap.

The Caretaker. by Harold Pinter, mingles brooding poetry with eruptive passion as it unfolds a strange, shifting relationship between two brothers and a scrofulous tramp.

Off Broadway

2 by Saroyan proves that Saroyan cafés, like Scott Fitzgerald parties, have a magic and a logic that are out of this world.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Burning Brand and The House on the Hill, both by Cesare Pavese. Respectively, a somber private journal and a brief, astringent novel of World War II by an Italian writer worthy of considerable respect. For reasons made clear in the journal, Pavese committed suicide in 1950.

The Papers of Alexander Hamilton (Volumes I & II), edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. These first volumes of a contemplated 20-volume collection carry Hamilton to the age of 27, show him to have been something more than a glib autocrat; in fact, his pen is by turns so sharp, blunt or passionate, that whole sections of these books read like a lively epistolary novel.

But Not in Shame, by John Toland. The first half-year of the Pacific war, one of the most discouraging periods in U.S. history, is vividly chronicled by a knowing historian.

The Letters of Beethoven, edited by Emily Anderson. Worshipers trying to comprehend the mind that invented the soaring music are almost certain to be puzzled by these three volumes; they show the great Beethoven to have been absurdly pettish, sour and quarrelsome in his private dealings.

Lawrence of Arabia: The Man and the Motive, by Anthony Nutting. The enigma of Britain's World War I desert hero, who chose to bury himself in the ranks of the R.A.E. under an assumed name, is analyzed again by a onetime British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Assembly, by John O'Hara. The laureate of upper middle-class Easterners ranges ably across the old home pastures and sometimes jumps the fence into other pastures in 26 short stories.

The Super-Americans, by John Bainbridge. Reporter Bainbridge traveled to Texas, and with malice aforethought reported exactly what he found there. The result is high social satire and a welcome capital gain for the reader.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
3. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (3)
4. **Chairman of the Board**, Streeter (6)
5. **Little Me**, Dennis (5)
6. **Daughter of Silence**, West (7)
7. **Spirit Lake**, Kantor (4)
8. **The Carpetbaggers**, Robbins (8)
9. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (9)
10. **The Incredible Journey**, Burnford (10)

NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (2)
3. **Living Free**, Adamson (3)
4. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (7)
5. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (6)
6. **The New English Bible** (4)
7. **The Coming Fury**, Catton (5)
8. **I Should Have Kissed Her More**, King (8)
9. **My Saber Is Bent**, Parr
10. **Citizen Hearst**, Swanberg (9)

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